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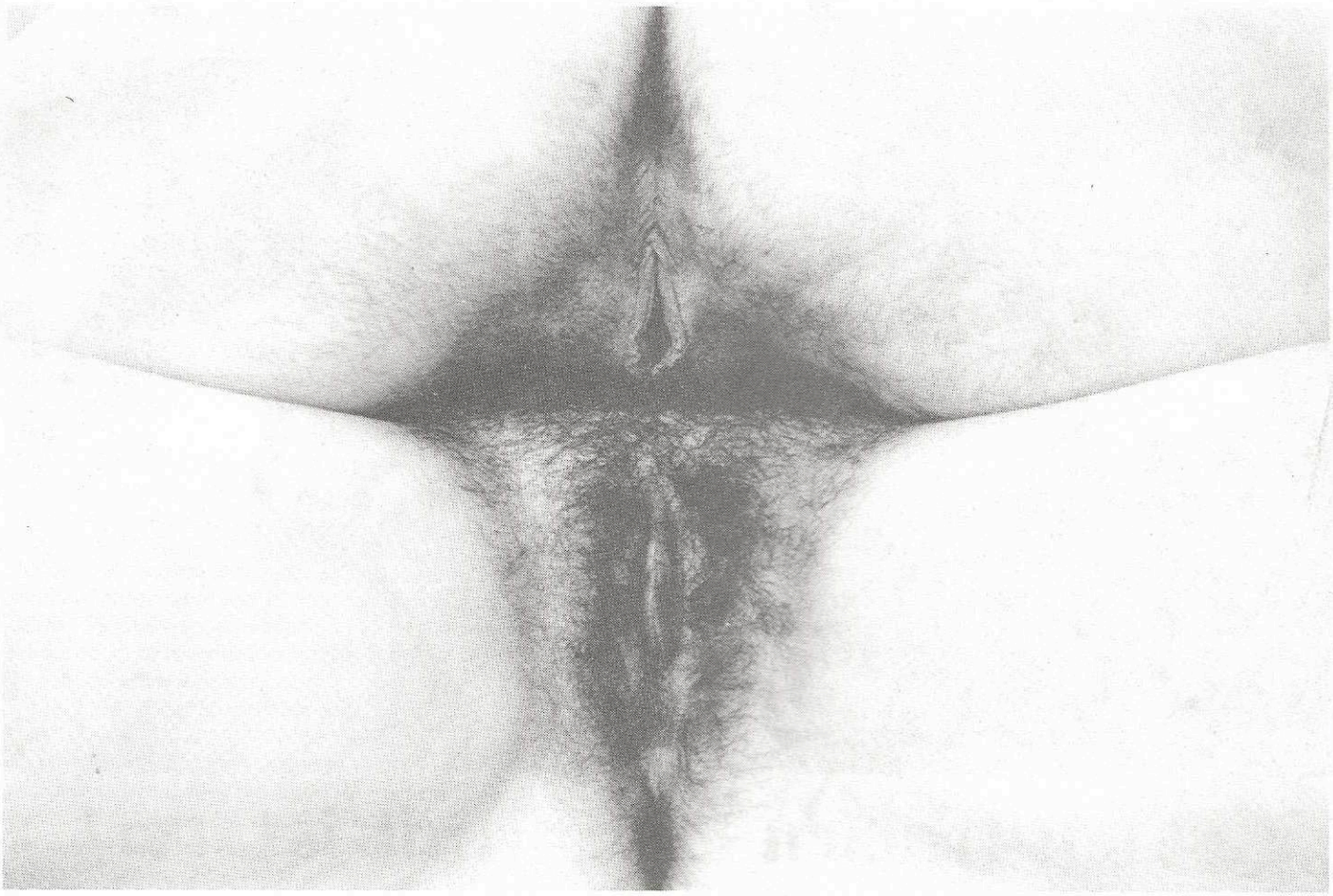

Isolda/Ramirez

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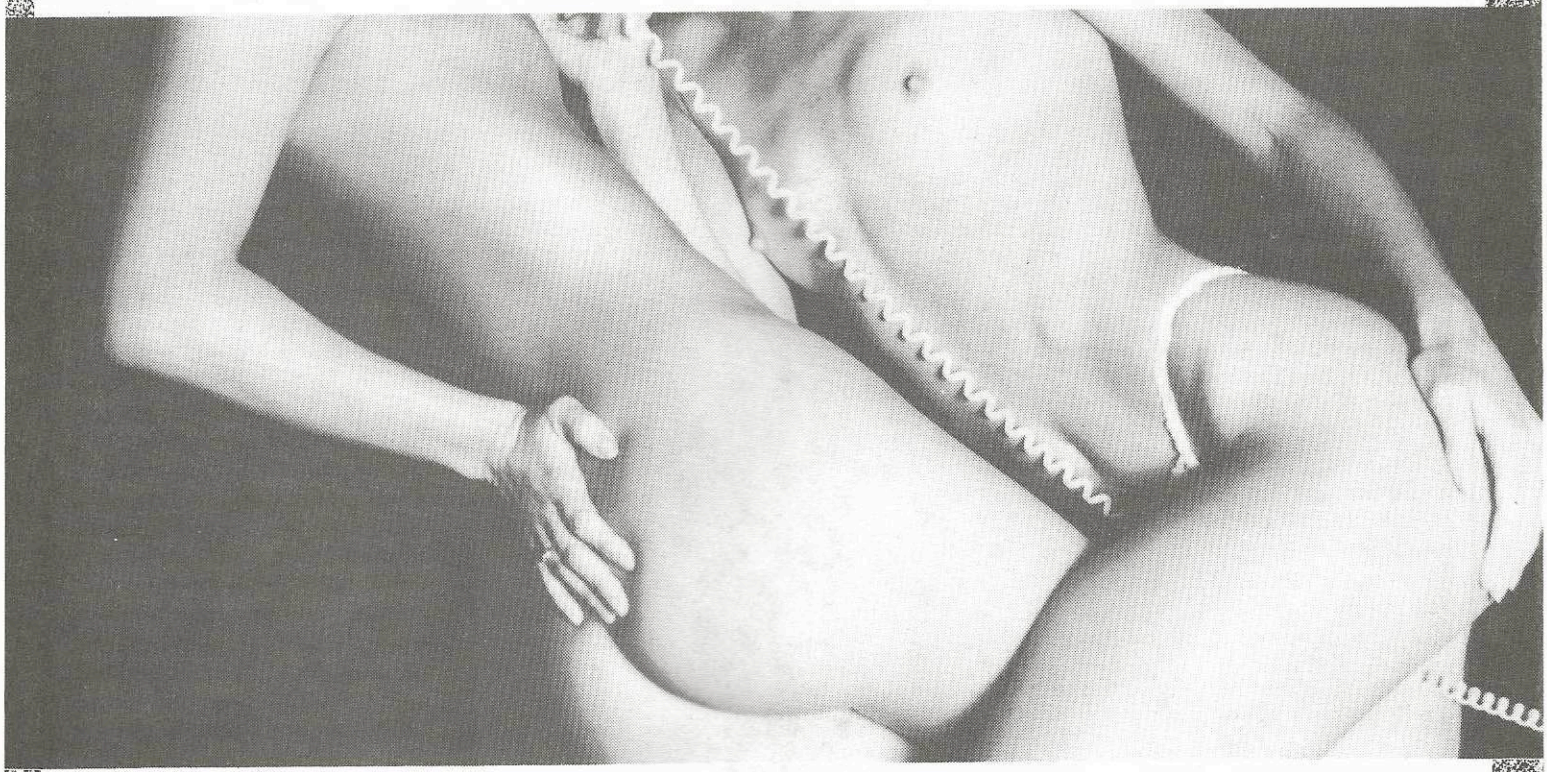
# FOR WOMEN ONLY



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**Sadly, it seems that letter-writers Mercedes Vasquez and Colleen Aucrile have missed the point of *On Our Backs*.**

Ms. Aucrile and Ms. Vasquez both criticize stories in your fall issue containing themes of domination and submission. Both express incredulity that such genre could be written by or for women, and both attack such as insensitive to women who have been victims of abuse. I invite both ladies to take their scolding and their vanilla sex tastes somewhere else. And when they find the publication of their choice, I promise not to write letters to that editor lamenting how unacceptably closed minded and staid I find their magazine.

*On Our Backs* has been to me one of the most refreshing and exciting publications to come out in recent times. As a lesbian who enjoys a wider range of inventive eroticism, it is nice to see other women finally coming out of the "acceptable-sex-only" closet.

As one who appreciates the element of theater shared with my lover in privacy, I resent the insinuation that I am misogynistic, or that I condone the abuse of women. I assure you that in instances of both physical and emotional abuse in my own life, I harbored no confusion about the experience being either enjoyable or pleasurable. As well, the fact that I may choose to role play with another consenting adult whom I care about and whom I trust, does not mean that I am complacent about violence against women.

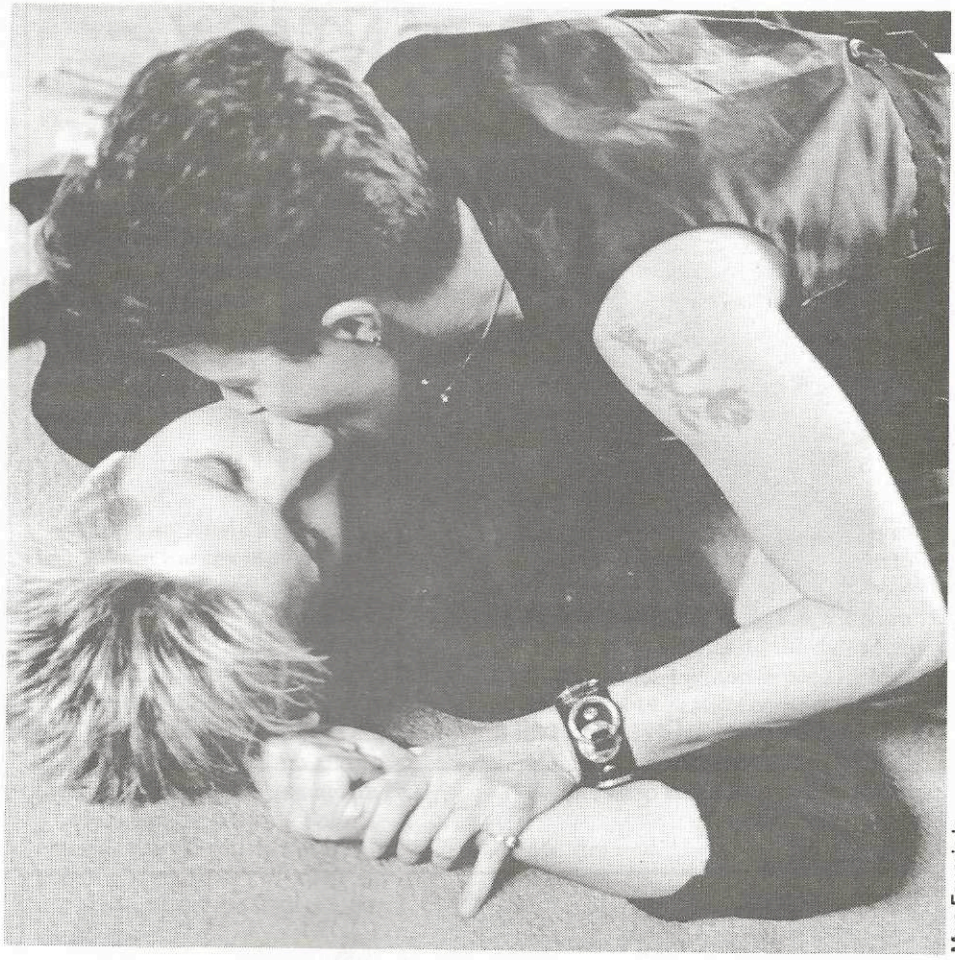
I am a lesbian and a feminist. I also have a great fondness for sexy femininity, for lipstick and high heels as well as fantastical sexual expression. I'm tired of apologizing because my "sisters" tell me that since such things are liked by men, they are verboten.

Years ago, I stopped trying to fit in to straight society; all that supression and self-deceit was too repugnant. Today I refuse to be the victim of repression in what is supposed to be my own community.

*Angelique DeMustapha*
*Chicago*

**Just finished *On Our Backs* Winter 88.** As usual, it's a real treat.

Your photo winners are super, and



Myra Fourwinds

Cheryl Spears is too much. The work of Cathy Lee Prochazka makes *On Our Backs* the best stroke book in town. Same for "Sand Castles" by Swart, Cohen and the mouth-watering photograph by Barbara Snell, accompanying "My Ride With Sam." I am somewhat disappointed over the lack of shaved tummies in *On Our Backs*. After all, that's the difference between just a pussy and a cunt!

*C. C. La Tange*
*Anaheim, California*

**At first I thought your magazine was too "rough" for me,** and after buying two issues I decided not to get a subscription. But today I realized (after a luxuriously lazy afternoon alone in my apartment) that I have been reading these same two issues over and over again. They are all tattered and dog-eared. I guess it's time for a subscription! Send the next issue *quick*. Many thanks!

*Karen*
*New York*

**What can I say about *On Our Backs*?** It helps me to know I'm not the only lesbian who desires more than vanilla sex. I feel strongly about the articles on AIDS and safe sex for lesbians; the lesbians I know don't take safe sex seriously. Your cannot mention the importance of safe sex for lesbians too many times in your magazine.

*Carmel Thompson*
*Tacoma, Washington*

**The heading "James Dean - The Almost Perfect Lesbian Hermaphrodite," (Winter 88) intrigued me greatly.** Before studying this story, I took a break to recover from an earlier orgasm. First, I must say that I loved the picture heralding the new and fresh topic, "the virile girl, the butch baby, full of attitude but not scorn... raw energy... having survived her puberty, her boyhood and cunt intact,

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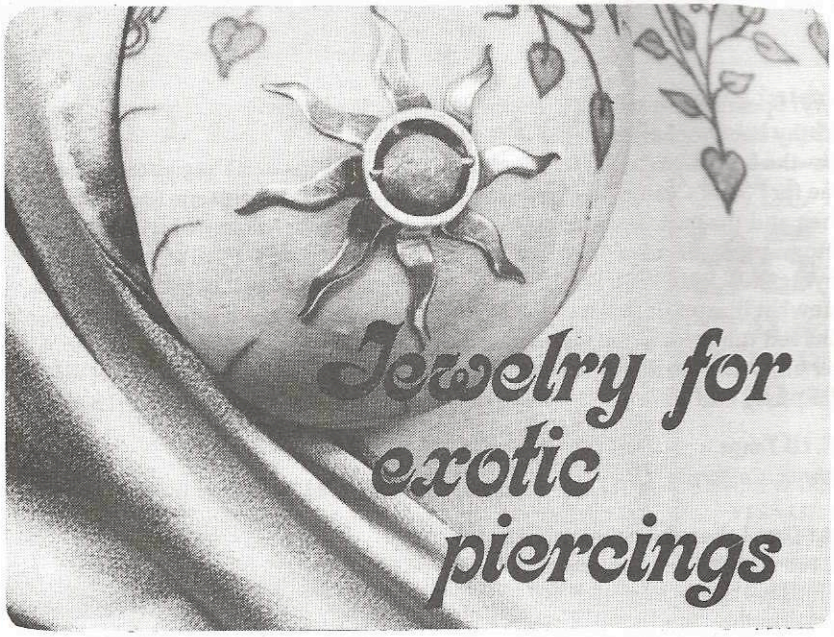


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and ready. . . gone public, celebrating her female genitalia." Well, I promptly came again.

Then, I carefully, quietly, re-read the "[w]hole" piece and was left feeling unpleasantly confused. Writing, like conversation, should be simple; reflecting clear thoughts and feelings, even when these mental processes are complex. I felt Golding had a very good topic under her pen but flubbed in the delivery. She lost me with her numerous commas, dots, and grammatical structuring, e.g., "only in the defiant style of the erotic masculine shot through with the voluptuousness of the female sexual organs." I know this is quoted out of context, but what does it mean? I was just burning at the end to have her state more clearly how much she loves the modern lesbians and their plight.

Incidentally, I object to her use of the word "sarcastically" in her characterization of the women who dress in drag. I don't think she meant to use this word. If she did, I object more strongly, i.e.: sarcasm=mocking and contemptuous. If she has ever been fucked by a real she-boy, she knows that this is not true.

*Linda and Mistress*
*Toronto*

**I picked up the Summer 1987 issue of *On Our Backs* at the Lobo bookstore in Dallas** - it was the latest issue I could find, and as I flipped through it my panties got wet. It's the most wonderfully erotic thing I've ever seen, and I hope you're still publishing!

I suppose I'm woefully behind the times, but it's dark in the closet. My husband would kill me if he knew of my love for lesbian B&D sex, and there are many other reasons for me not to come out. I enjoy an occasional session, and I masturbate and fantasize a lot.

So you can understand my joy (not to mention my arousal) when I found *On Our Backs*. I took it home, and got as far as page two before I sat on my butt plug and shoved up my dildo. I had my first orgasm on page three, and I don't know how many more I had but I was a wreck when my husband got home! The stories, the photo essay, and even the ads opened my eyes - among other things.

*Wet and Waiting in Texas*

**I ran an ad in your last issue.** I received an incredibly beautiful response from a sensitive, feeling lesbian who I hope I will be lovers with forever.

Please run my ad again.

*Arlene*
*Vermont*

**Regarding Susie Sexpert's piece on lesbians in the sex industry:**

Your article brought to mind a few personal incidents. In a massage parlor I worked at (run by hateful, redneck men), I overheard one of the women say,"I'd gag if I had to do it with a woman - you couldn't pay me enough." That night I saw her at a local gay bar with her female lover.

My feelings? Mixed. Before entering the sex industry I was open about my sexuality - in college, and in my other jobs. I understood that it would be quite a problem at the massage parlor (both with the male managers and most of the parlor's other women) if it were found out she was gay - and I knew that she was so vocal in her distaste of women because she thought it was her best cover, even though being quiet would have served her just as well. So, while her actions bothered me, so did my own.

Of course, prostitution is acting, so it was never me, the lesbian Sophie who entered a hotel room, but bisexual Rachel. It took awhile for my heterosexual madame to be convinced lesbians make great whores (fortunately, I became one of her most requested women).

About a month ago, I was watching a local television show. Arlene Isaacson, a speaker for a gay rights group, was the guest. Someone grouped gays with drug users and prostitutes in that they all engage in illegal activities. Sweet, yuppie, good-girl Isaacson was quite offended at being grouped with "*those* people." She was totally unaware of how many of *those* people were *her* people.

Thank you for bringing the issue of gay discrimination in the sex industry to light. Many lesbians themselves are not aware of the strong lesbian/sex industry link. Some who do know are, for some reason, self-righteously repulsed by it.

*Sophie*
*San Francisco*

*Ed: See Joan Nestle's article in the book Sex Work, for more historical and cultural information on the lesbian/sex industry connection.*

**From the minute I first laid eyes on your mag, I haven't been able to settle back into my old, tame ways!** Your mag is awesome, from the erotic, informative articles, to the deliciously fine models. I would especially love to see your publication come out more than four times a year. I've never seen a mag that could match *On Our Backs*! Please, keep it coming!

*Ms. Aronson*
*Houston, TX*

**Just a short letter from a woman in prison to let you know how much I appreciate your magazine.** I've only been receiving *On Our Backs* for a year now, but I must say the Spring '88 issue has been the best yet.

I especially liked Sharrocc. . . now that's a fine Black beauty. She could "rap" all around this white girl. I'd love to break it down. Hmm, I must give credit where credit is due, which also brings me to Tavana and Vanessa - they show true "sportsmanship." Excellent taste as compared to other rags!

Unfortunately, I still have a couple of more years to do before my parole. But *On Our Backs* keeps me informed on the outside world. I know what I left behind, and you let me know what I have to look forward to. Keep up the excellent work - it's inspiring.

*Pamela Fox*
*Salem, OR*

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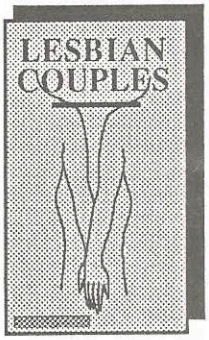
*D. Merillee Clunis, Ph.D. & Dorsey Green, Ph.D.*

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*Artemis Oakgrove*

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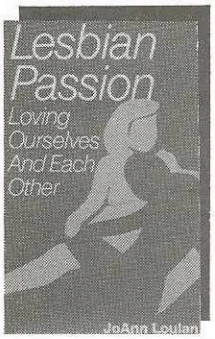


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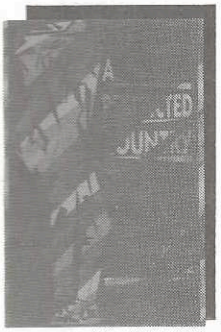

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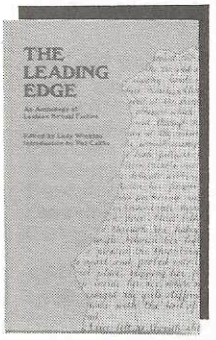
*Edited by Lady Winston*

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# MACHINE CRAZY

Is there such a thing as a sex nerd? I believe I qualify, at both high and low speeds. When I worked at Good Vibrations, the women's sexuality store in San Francisco, one of the most interesting parts of the job was meeting the occasional inventor who walked in to demonstate a new improved orgasm-blender.

I was introduced in this way to items like the vibrator that hooked into your stereo system. The vibrator picked up the bass and basically hummed along with whatever was being played. Unfortunately, the vibrator was the usual battery-operated piece of junk that only mildy buzzed even if you were playing *Run-DMC.* Alas, another great concept that never quite made it.

One fellow I met this way was Leonard Ginsberg, the creator of a little black box called "the Humdinger". You plug this nugget into the wall outlet and then plug your electric vibrator into the box. When you turn on your toy, instead of the regular speed, you get a pulsing sensation—like someone rapidly flipping the light switch off and on. The pulse makes it feel like the vibrator has a mind of its own, making your usual strokes a little more unpredictable, and a lot more fun.

Dildos of every description are another collection of mine. I made a discovery a couple years back when I received a brochure from Kansas City, advertising "the ultimate lifelike design, *The Family Jewel*". An accompanying photograph showed three different shades of meticulously detailed plastic penises. Good Vibrations ordered a sample, and I didn't expect much, despite the exuberant claims of the manufacturer.

But when I opened the first shipment, I screamed bloody murder. I thought some nut had sent us a cadaver. This dildo is so realistic you could enter it in a science fair. The only unnatural thing about it, as male customers pointed out, is that the "small" is gargantuan and the "large" is downright party size. But lesbians can be size queens without taking it personally, can't we, girls?

I dutifully brought a *Jewel* home to my lover to see what she had to say. She discovered that it fit perfectly between the third and fourth button of her levis. (I knew that scrotum was good for something!) It felt nice enough, firmer than the Scorpio silicone dildos, but much more flexible than those hard plastic roto-rooters you see at the adult novelty shops.

There's one small problem: whether you decorate your partner with the caucasion, the "mulatto" (that's Kansas City for you), or the black version, something about the coloring on the product doesn't mix well with a woman's vagina. We noticed after about a month's worth of playing that our *Family Jewel* was looking like the Family Leper. When the color comes off, it looks nauseating. What to do? Other customers were complaining as well. The folks who make the *Family Jewel* assured us the pigment wasn't toxic, but my health wasn't the problem — I had an eyesore on my hands!

I've mentioned before that safe sex techniques are the best things to happen to my sex life since sliding down a pole, and my recent problem presented a case in point. I started using condoms on all my dildos so that I wouldn't constantly have to give them bubble baths, and I realized that the *Family Jewel* with a condom on was an unbeatable combination. My mulatto no longer mutates

I can't leave safe sex alone without mentioning Stormy Leathers' wonderful accessory, *The Dammit,* which they were inspired to create after reading my lust for latex column in the Winter '88 issue. *The Dammit* is a sort of harness/g-string, which holds a latex dam in place so that one's hands are free to make mischief elsewhere.

Last month I presented a safe sex talk at a women's erotica night in Santa Cruz, California, as part of an AIDS fundraiser. I've done safe sex workshops in small groups and classes many times before. But when I stepped on stage that night with my black let's-play-doctor bag in front of 400 people, I realized it was SHOWTIME. I threw mint and chocolate flavored dams into the audience. I invited them to suck my latex-gloved fingers. I told them every nasty thing I've done with a rubber barrier.

Finally, I asked for a volunteer to help model the *Dammit.* A slim grey-haired dyke climbed up to join me before the words were out of my mouth. Luckily, she was just the right size—the strap slid over her jeans like a custom fit.

"Spread your legs," I told her, before we had even exchanged names. But after all, this was an exhibition.

"And this is how I would lick her," I called out to the crowd, and sank to floor, gracefully, I hope, my head ducking between her thighs. I pressed my face to her latex crotch, but there wasn't time to linger. After all, I couldn't leave her, a mere volunteer, facing this wild screaming mob. They were hysterical, more so than I've ever seen, but I chalked it up to the sexual repression this town's been suffering from since the 60's.

My part was over. Bidding all good night, I left the stage and walked right into a delirious group of back stagers.

"Do you know who that was you just went down on?" they asked.

"No... Why, is she a celebrity?"

"She's the campus Lutheran minister!" they shouted.

That's Santa Cruz for you—a feminist psychedelic college town that had them climbing the walls for Women's Erotica Night, and yet the only bookstore in town that carries gay literature won't sell *On Our Backs* because "it's violence against women".

Honest, my dental dams didn't hurt anybody, and they might save a few lives. The minister will vouch for me.

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# FLY THE FRIENDLY SKIES

Linda was at it again. I stared helplessly down the aisle while she stroked my thigh, at an altitude of about 30,000 feet on a crowded airplane soaring over the coast of California on our way to L.A.

Trixie, one of the ever smiling and friendly stewardesses, was no help either as her 36C cleavage looked me square in the eye during complimentary cocktails.

Linda's hand moved up a little further. I sighed and thought about the experience we had so pleasantly shared on an empty subway train recently. Yet this time we were surrounded by at least 70 people. Something out there was giving me lessons in self control and all I could do was sit tight and imagine what I could do if everyone left.

Linda's tongue slipped in my ear. . .

I gripped the armrests, pulling myself up.

"I need to use the bathroom."

She giggled quietly as I staggered to a vacant bathroom at the rear of the plane. I splashed cold water on my face, slowly drying it. I began to wonder how I was going to survive the rest of the trip.

A knock came at the door,

"It's Linda, let me in. . ."

I felt almost afraid to open the door, after escaping from her only moments before. I slowly unlocked it. Linda quickly stepped in, fastening it behind her. She smiled at me seductively.

"Stay away from me!" I cried, backing away.

Linda started towards me. In desperation, I grabbed a copy of *GQ* that had been sitting on the sink. It had a *man* on the cover. I held it up, using it as a shield.

"Stand back. . . I'm armed!"

She tore it out of my hands, throwing it aside. There was no stopping her now.

Jacki Randall

She had me pinned against the wall, hands trapping me on either side.

"Now I've got you, *my pretty*," she cackled, her hand going down my shirt.

"Linda, please," I pleaded. It just couldn't be happening here, in the airplane john.

Instantly, my shirt was off and on the floor. Her fingers lightly grazed my nipple, sending a chill all through me.

"Now we're doing it on airplanes, what's next babe?" I whispered, yanking down her pants.

She pushed me down on the sink. I moaned as her tongue ran along my breast. My legs wrapped her waist.

"I'm going to fuck you," Linda moved over me, pushing and rubbing her wet cunt aginst mine. We kissed deeply.

"You feel so good," I panted, running my hands over her bare shoulders as we moved together.

"ATTENTION PASSENGERS. . . WE ARE TO BE LANDING SHORTLY. IF YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR SEAT, PLEASE RETURN AND FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION. . ."

Linda looked at me and smiled. We began to fuck faster.

A knock came at the door.

"Excuse me. . ."

It was a stewardess. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but we're to be landing shortly and I need. . ."

"Oooooohhh. . ." I moaned as Linda thrust herself against me.

"Are you alright in there?" the stewardess asked.

"Ummmmmm." Linda shoved a couple fingers inside, stroking me.

"Do you need help?" The flight attendant whispered through the door.

Nah, three's a crowd.

I could sense some worry out there now. Linda dug her teeth in my shoulder to keep from laughing aloud.

The stew knocked at the door again, this time louder.

"Please, answer me, do you need a doctor?!"

"Nooo. . .," I panted, fucking Linda's fingers while the palm of her hand stroked my clit.

"Can you at least tell me what is the matter?" she yelled.

"I'm coming!" I cried out, doing just that.

There was no applause or cheering when we stepped out of the bathroom. How was I to know that there would be a graduating eighth-grade class flying to Disneyland on board with us?

I followed behind Linda as we walked down the aisle - we were the last ones off. The stewardess, who had been so concerned about me earlier, stood at the door and glared at us.

"Thank you for fuck. . ., uh, excuse me, flying the friendly skies!"

# BUTCH ON BUTCH

**A Social Gaffe of the Highest Order**

Morgan Gwenwald

My first inkling that butch-on-butch wouldn't be as straightforward as I'd hoped came when I met Rae. Butch. Red curly hair in a D.A., tailored clothes, light blue eyes, a honeyed southern accent, lean, but with a sweet woman's ass. Everything I liked in a butch in one package. And she could dance. So one hot summer night, as we danced together somewhere in the West Virginia mountains, I asked her if we couldn't do lying down what we were doing standing up. She stepped back and frowned at me in my levi 501s and man's-tailored shirt.

"What on earth are you suggesting?"

My moves withered on the spot. I looked back at her, trying to picture what she saw when she looked at me—someone who looked like her mirror image.

"What do you think I'm suggesting?" I asked her, trying not to feel defensive. I put my arms around her again and tried to pretend we were just as we had been before my fateful words.

She let me embrace her again, but stopped moving her hips. Finally, she murmured, "Honey, you don't understand. It just wouldn't work."

She was right. I didn't understand. Two years passed before I got any more information from her about what my gaffe had been. By that time, the flirtation had matured into a friendship, and I didn't lie awake at night trying to figure a way to win her. I wasn't going to, I could tell that much, and though I didn't know exactly why, I knew it had something to do with...

**The Ultimate in Same-Sex Narcissism**

As if not already queer enough, butches who pursue other butches occupy an unexplored cul de sac in the world of same-sex relationships, a subset of a subset. They are elusive as the unicorn, a myth that you pursue down blind alleys

Women you might be sure were in butch-on-butch relationships perceive themselves as being a well-balanced mix of butch and femme. "Well," such women might say, "you're barking up the wrong tree. Marianna's a stone butch, and I'm kind of more femme. Except on alternate full moons, then we switch. And on the first Sunday of the month..."

Hooray for versatility! But what about me? I like butch women, and unfortunately for me, most butch women I've pursued, like Rae, perceive me as being butch, or too butch for them—and they "don't do butches." So where do I go to get my jollies?

**Beyond Emily Post**

Rae was a setback for me. After Rae, I didn't quite dare to approach butch women with the carefree naiveté I'd had with her. I became conscious of a thick book of unwritten rules, rules that were obscure to me, but which I couldn't get any satisfaction about simply by asking. Because if I asked, people looked at me with that blank stare.

The things I wanted to know about seducing butches were hidden by thick blankets of etiquette. When I first came out, butch/femme was considered to be an ancient throwback that enlightened feminists had moved, fortunately for all of lesbiankind, far beyond. No questions could be asked or answered about its subtler permutations.

Another unspoken credo was that you had to learn everything you wanted to know about anything queer by yourself, because no one was gonna tell you a thing about it. A certain type of gay experience had to be accrued, grain by grain, distilled through bitter experience.

**Time Passes and I Make a Detour**

When I moved to California, I decided that, in the greater interest of getting laid, it was time to put the clit-throbbing fantasies of butch-on-butch on the back burner. I pursued and achieved women, femmes all, though the meals were too meager to satisfy me.

I even tried my hand at camouflage, but a frilly shirt and glitter earrings could not disguise from a canny butch the essential facts that I was not a femme and my m.o. not the least femme-like.

By now, old Rae and I had become friends. Once, when she came to visit me during this period, I asked her point-blank to explain to me why "it" wouldn't have worked between us.

She thought it over. It occurred to me as she sat thinking that she was as much bewildered by the fact that I'd had to ask the damn question as she was by the question itself.

Finally, she said, "Honey, don't you know?"

I shook my head.

"I just can't imagine what we'd have done together. That's all. We're too much alike. We'd have been fighting for the same... territory."

"No, we wouldn't have," I protested. "Not necessarily." We would have known what to do. Give and take, possession and surrender, were possible in all terrains, not just the most familiar one. But the image in the back of my mind of what two butches might do together trembled and winked out. Finally, we went to sleep in separate beds.

That night, lying awake, I finally figured out what I had done wrong with Rae: I had coopted her sense of control.

Making the first overt move was a prerogative she reserved for herself. She wanted a femme to pursue her.

A butch friend of mine told me once that what she expected of femmes was to pursue obliquely.

"They plot things for butches to fall into," she told me once. "They're smart. They know how to play a butch. They might say no, or keep you at arm's length. They act coy."

By Rae's code, I had been stupid, inept, abrupt, and brusque. I hadn't lead the chase, as Rae expected - I had done the chasing.

**I Meet a Willing Butch and Don't Avail Myself of an Opportunity**

Carrie stood in the bed of her pickup truck, pulling nails from a two-by-four. I'd had my eye on her for months. I liked her strong arms, her fearlessness, her willingness to attempt anything. But I didn't have much hope. I'd already made my most overt overtures to her and been rejected. Not exactly with Rae's same look of bewilderment and disbelief, but she had hidden from me for several months.

But somehow, I couldn't quit chasing her. She pulled nails from the other end of the two-by-four.

"Give me the hammer," I ordered her. "I'll do these."

She looked up, cocked an eyebrow at me, and said, "I love it when women talk to me that way."

My stomach somersaulted. I played her words over in my mind, disbelieving what I'd heard.

"Say that again?"

"I said, 'I love it when women talk to me that way.'"

"I thought that's what I heard."

I went back to the nails. We finished the two-by-four. Carrie went her way, I went mine, dazed and erotically charged by the exchange. I thought a lot about her. What did she mean? Was it a come-on? Was she telling me something I needed to know about her?

Then I thought, "What if that was my chance and I didn't take it?" Fool! But my pride and sense of rightness had taken a beating, so I couldn't be sure I'd heard what I'd heard. I let it lie there, unresolved.

More time passed. I saw her other places, being her usual butch self. I wanted her, but even more than I wanted her, I wanted not to discover the same old disappointments, hear again that "it just wouldn't work." She made a wonderful fantasy and would be a cruel disappointment. I'd had too many of those. Better

*(continued on page 37)*

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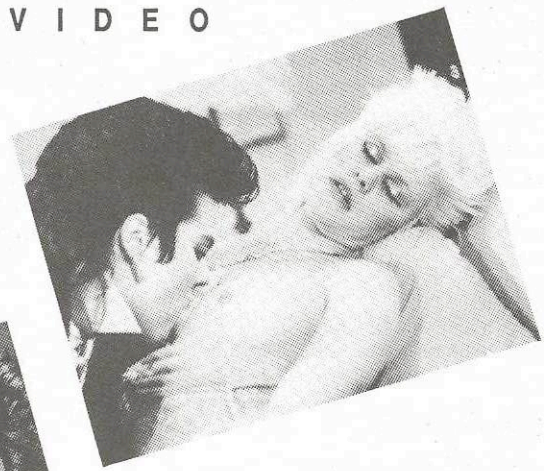

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### MARINES SAY NO TO DYKES

What are the worst problems facing women in the military? Not being allowed into combat, and sex - or, more precisely, advances from men and advances from other women, and according to a report by the Defense Advisory committe on Women in the Service (DACOWITS). Oddly enough, lesbian behavior is labelled "extremist" and "incompatible with military service." Are we to then regard sexual advances from men as compatible and acceptable behavior?

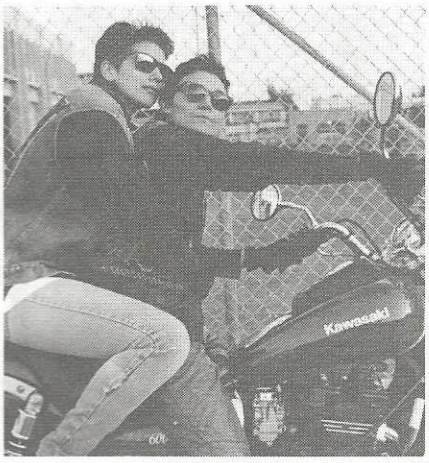
At Parris Island, South Carolina, the only all-female training camp in the county, the United States Marine Corps has charged two women with "indecent sex acts with other women," and at least five other women are under investigation. Only about 10,000 Marines out of 200,00 in the US today are women. In 1987, 68 Marines were discharged for being gay, 88 in 1986, 105 in 1985 and 116 in 1984.

This revival of the anti-gay crackdown in the military is seen by several military observers, including the National Lawyers Guild, to be a reaction against the California appeals court decision in favor of gay Sgt. Perry Watkins.

According to one defense attorney, the government's evidence against the women at Parris Island is "outrageous" and rests almost entirely on the testimony of two other female Marines, one of whom was allegedly threatened with jail if she did not sign an affidavit implicating one of the women. The second witness has been discredited due to a claim that she had observed "a long list of Lesbian-related activities" in her office without interrupting them or reporting them to base authorities.

The charges against the five women include "indecent acts with other women," alleged assault, disrespect to officers, violating an order, sodomy, conspiracy to obstruct justice, failure to obey an order, dereliction of duty, oppression of an enlisted Marine, conduct unbecoming an officer, and fraternization (sororization?).

According to DACOWITS this extremist behavior is a result of living arrangements which create a division between men and women, and "conditions in which [lesbianism] is fostered and, in some cases, supported by the chain of command. . . "



Dawn Lewis

The only solution this report presented was to place both men and women in the barracks. Apparently, the mere presence of men is enough to squash any "extremist behavior."

### C.L.I.T. - MEXICO

South of the Border, all dressed up, and nowhere to go? Try Das Bierhaus, Tijuana's first lesbian bar. Run by Bertha, a lesbian businesswoman and member of the Comision Lesbica Internacional en Tijuana, Das Bierhaus is next to the Pink Panther, near the Palacio Azteca Hotel.

### WOMEN'S MOTORCYCLE FESTIVAL '88

From Thursday, August 25th through Sunday, August 28th, Camp Lakeland, located in the Allegany Mountains, will be transformed into a "haven for women bikers." Just a little south of Buffalo, New York, the camp will be the starting point for group and individual rides, as well as a place to relax, rest, and play afterwards. Already planned is a group excursion to Niagra Falls, and another ride will take bikers through Allegany State Park. The "Horsepower to Horsepower" ride is designed for the equestriennes who would like to exchange saddles for a time at a nearby stable.

Registration is open to the first 200 paid registrants; early registration closes June 30th, final registration August 10th. For more information, please write to the Women's Motorcycle Festival, 7 Lent Avenue, Le Roy, New York, 14482, (716) 768-6054.

### BILL C-54: EROTICA, YES; PORN, NO

There is a bill right now before the Canadian Parliament which will make illegal the depiction of sexual activity of any kind: i.e., vaginal, anal or oral intercourse, ejaculation, masturbation, bestiality, menstruation, lactation, bondage, sexually violent conduct, bodily impairment - the list goes on. C-54 will make legal only the most mundane types of "erotica" (which is defined as the sexual display of body parts): that old standby, the "split beaver" or crotch shot. So while Penthouse and Oui will not be affected at all by C-54, it is the gay and lesbian porn, and sex-education material, already exposed to censorship by the Canadian government, which will be hardest hit. Copies of On Our Backs, for example, are routinely held at the Canadian-U.S. border; sometimes they reach their destination, sometimes they don't.

### MEET ME IN WINNIPEG?

On va chercher les femmes - et les butches aussi! After reading a recent edition of GO Info, Canadian dykes started gearing up for their first-ever National Conference on Lesbian Sexuality. The hectic two-day schedule of workshops and social events included Roofing for Rural Dykes and An Evening of Moon Songs. And for all the Mata Hari fans, there was the workshop on Tapping into Surveillance - "teaching womyn how to deal with infiltration of our groups."

Too good to be true? Oui. After checking with GO Info, On Our Backs learned that the article was merely a spoof in a series instigated by an Ottowa lesbian murder mystery group. Je regrette, cheries - pas de conference - quel dommage!

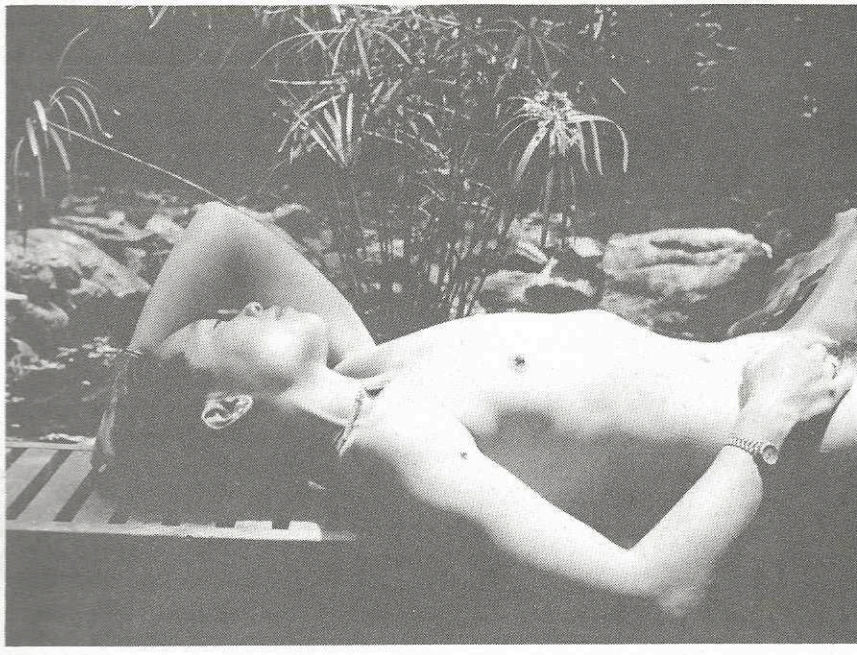
# I N  T H E  G A R D E N

# *GLORIOUSLY*

first night of the new year.
we are guests for the night,
bedding together,
down bags on tatami
in a meditation room
warmed by a blazing woodstove.

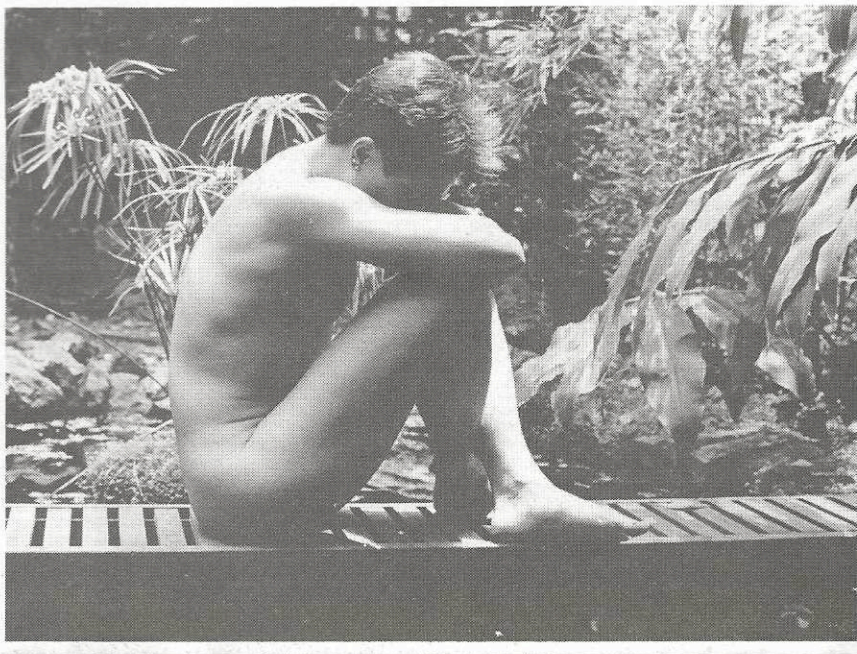
moonlight through
ricepaper shutters
falls on our bodies
as we talk and touch
and taste each other
for the first time.

mouth on mouth, thigh
on thigh, hand on breast,
my fingers circling
your nipple, a long moan.
i take you in my mouth,
a sharp intake of breath.



shoulder to thigh
i push my tongue
inside your depths,
hands on your ass,
fingers down your crack
i feel your passion rise.

i sink my teeth
into bicep muscle,
feel your wetness,
stroke your lips,
tongue soft folds, then
part and penetrate you.



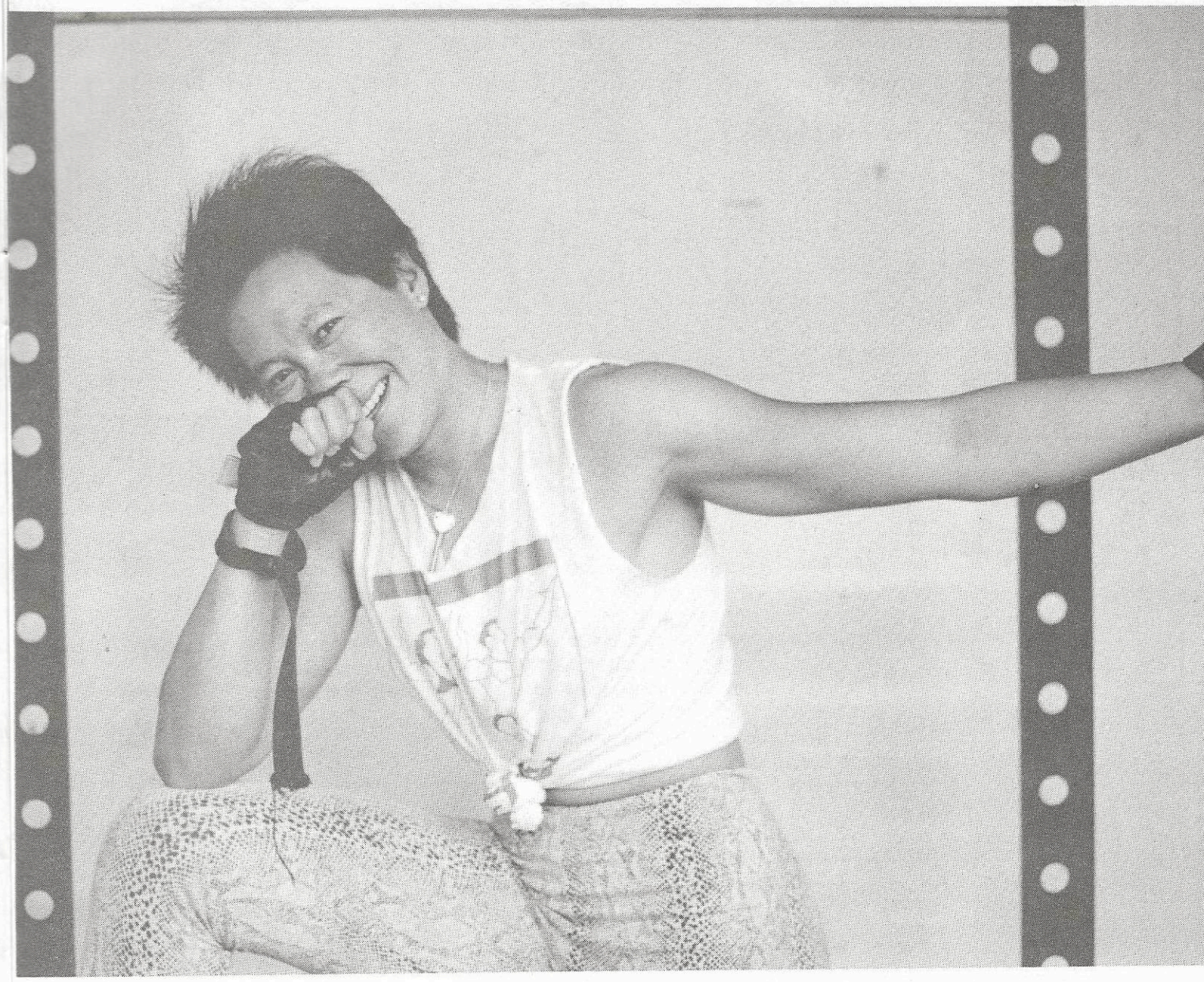
tongue inside mouth,
hand on breast,
fingers circling clitoris.
how do you like to come, i ask.
you reply simply:
gloriously.

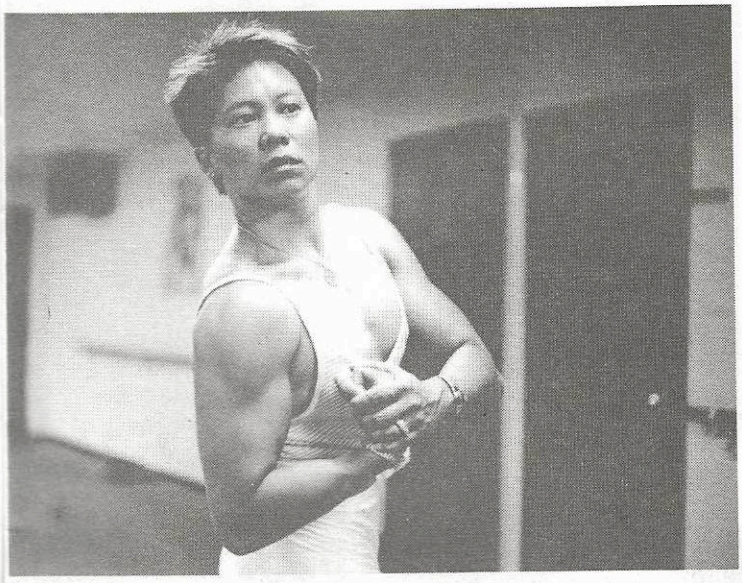
(c) KITTY TSUI 1988

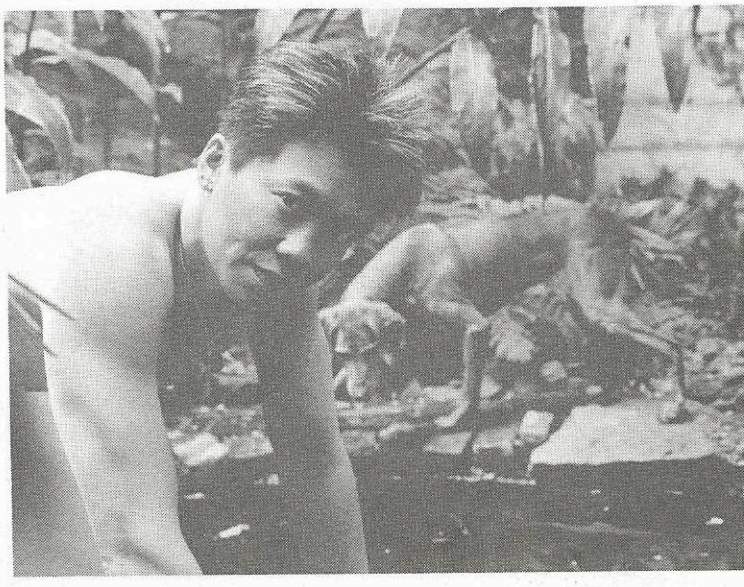
# KITTY TSUI

KITTY TSUI was born in the Year of the Dragon in the City of Nine Dragons, Hong Kong. She is an artist, an actor, a community activist, an editor and the author of *The Words of a Woman who Breathes Fire*(Spinsters Ink, San Francisco: 1983). She is also a competitive bodybuilder, the Bronze medalist in the women's physique competition at Gay Games II. She was co-chair of *Physique 87*, the First National Gay and Lesbian Bodybuilding Championships, is co-chair of *Physique 88*, and is on the Board of Directors of the Arcadia Bodybuilding Society. She is currently working on a novel and, after eight and a half years of being happily married, is now happily single.

## PHOTOGRAPHY BY JILL POSENER







FICTION

*My woman poppa is thirteen years younger than I, but she is wise in her woman- loving ways.*

# My Woman Poppa

BY JOAN NESTLE

You work at a job that makes your back rock-hard strong; you work with men in a cavernous warehouse loading trucks while others sleep. Sometimes when you come to me while I work at home, you fall asleep in my bed on your stomach, the sheet wrapped around your waist, the flaming unicorn on your right shoulder catching the afternoon sun.

I just stand and look at you, at your sleeping face and kind hands, my desire growing for you, for my woman poppa who plays the drums and knows all the words to *Lady in Red*, who calls me sassafras mama, even when I am sometimes too far from the earth, who is not frightened off by my years or my illness.

My woman poppa who knows how to take me in her arms and lie me down, knows how to spread my thighs and then my lips, who knows how to catch the wetness and use it and then knows how to enter me so women waves rock us both.

My woman poppa who is not afraid of my moans or my nails but takes me and takes me until she reaches far beyond the place of entry into the core of tears. Then as I come to her strength and woman fullness, she kisses away my legacy of pain. My cunt and heart and head are healed.

My woman poppa who does not want to be a man, but who does travel in "unwomanly" places and who does "unwomanly" work. Late into the New Jersey night, she maneuvers the forklift to load the thousands of pounds of aluminum into the hungry trucks that stand waiting for her. Dressed in the shiny tiredness of warehouse blue, with her company's name white-stitched across her pocket, she endures the bitter humor of her fellow workers, who are men. They laugh at Jews, at women, and when the Black workers are not present, at Blacks. All the angers of their lives, all their dreams gone dead, bounce off the warehouse walls. My woman grits her teeth, and says when the rape jokes come: "Don't talk that shit around me."

When she comes home to me, I must caress the parts of her that have been worn thin, trying to do her work in a man's world. She likes her work, likes the challenge of the machines and the quietness of the night, likes her body *(continued page 39)*

PHOTO BY MORGAN GWENWALD

By Martha Miller

*Vic didn't want the new woman at first. This new one, Natalie, was none of the things that made Vic look twice. She'd heard others reminisce: "I wanted her the first time I saw her", but Vic was attracted to a flashier, more feminine type. The young ones, like Jackie.*

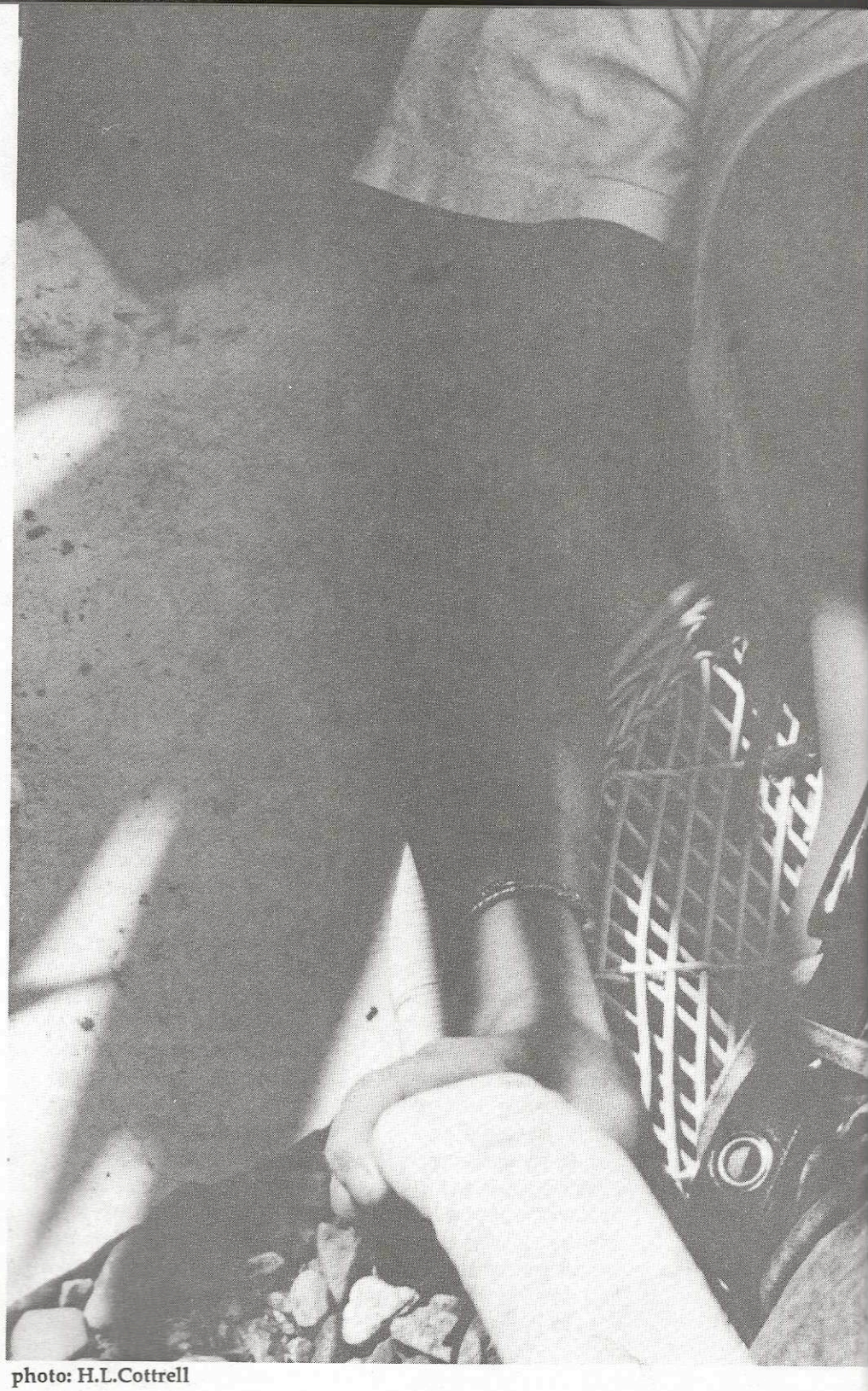


photo: H.L.Cottrell

# THE VALKYRIE

Besides, it was during the beginning of the end with Jackie, and Vic had deliberately remained faithful because she was afraid it was all over. Indeed it soon was.

Jackie left in the coldest part of winter. Vic stayed away from the bar for a long time after that. She was afraid of running into Jackie and her new lover. She drove a bus all day through the slushy, snow-packed streets and came home in the early winter darkness.

The too-warm third story apartment, with the slanted ceilings and the thirteen-inch black-and-white t.v., became a wanted isolation. She was driven that winter - eating, drinking, masturbating. Each act was practiced ritualistically to the point of oblivion.

She didn't want another woman - even after she'd stopped listening for the phone to ring. It was as if that part of her was dead, a casualty. Touching herself, she remembered touching Jackie. Tasting her fingers she remembered that taste of Jackie and felt the

of phantom pain one might feel for an amputated limb.

Liberace died. She had her perm cut out and her short hair spiked. One of the queens she'd known from the bar, Gary, was murdered. It made the front page. Vic read the story twice. It said he was found face down, nude on his bed, strangled. There were details about his poodle and the women's clothes in his closet. He was described as a "female impersonator" and a "known homosexual." Police suspected that a trick had murdered him.

Vic threw the paper across the room. They turned Gary's existence into a sideshow. Where did it say that he was a human being - that he was a friend and was loved?

Later she retrieved it and clipped the article. She put the clippings with those of Liberace's death, and continued to move through the winter in a tormented haze.

In March Sandy called and said there was going to be a birthday party for her lover, Anne, at the bar. She asked Vic to come. As Sandy said the words, Vic felt the need to be with her own kind. She reluctantly agreed to go and hung up. A minute later she picked up the phone, dialed a number from memory, and ordered a large pizza.

Vic put on her biggest pair of levis (size 42) which were now snug, and a western shirt. She looked in the mirror. A roll of fat hung over her silver belt buckle. She ran her fingers through her short dark hair noting the flecks of gray.

"Vic, you're a sorry sack of shit," she said to her round reflection.

She sat down, pulled on her western boots, and had a beer to relax. She didn't want to see the others after all - the couples. There was a good movie on t.v. that night. What if Jackie was there with what's-her-name? She lit a cigarette and stared at the clock.

The phone rang.

"Yeah?"

"Vic? Good, you haven't left yet. This is Sandy. I just went out to get in the car and my tire's flat. Can you pick me up?"

"You got a spare?"

"It is the spare. I put it on a couple of days ago."

"I'm on my way."

Vic hung up and grabbed her keys. There were patches of melting snow topped with a layer of dirt that crunched under her boots. Vic felt glad to be on the move. From the side gutter she spotted a mammoth dripping icicle. She struck it hard with her bare hand, and laughed as it crashed to the driveway and jagged pieces of ice spun in all directions.

At the club, cigarette smoke hung in the air above the tables. Beer bottles, ash trays and a half eaten birthday cake littered the table tops. There were six of them: Little Bit and Alice, Sandy and Anne, Natalie and Vic. Little Bit had been talking about goddesses, the subject of her research paper, when Natalie interrupted with, "Did you ever hear of the Valkyries?"

Vic leaned closer to hear.

"In primitive times they were Amazonian priestesses who ruled the gates of death."

"Amazons, great!" Sandy leaned forward with interest.

"...they cannibalized the dead to give them rebirth." The women looked at each other, making faces.

Natalie went on, "My mother's ancestors, the Norse, or Vikings, believed they were death angels who hovered over battlefields and took the souls of the brave warriors to Valhalla."

"What happened to the not-so-brave warriors?" Sandy asked.

Natalie shrugged. "They lived to fight another day."

Sandy smiled, turned to Anne and said something Vic couldn't hear. The bar wasn't a place for quiet conversation. Vic looked at Natalie again and thought that she was attractive in a rather rugged way: big boned, tall, with long legs and broad shoulders. Her blonde hair was done in a single braid that hung almost to her waist. She could have been a Viking woman, though she was dressed more like a lumber jack, in a plaid flannel shirt and jeans.

"They ate their true love's flesh," Anne raised her voice above the music. "In order to give them rebirth."

"That sounds lesbian to me." Little Bit broke in, and demonstrated, going after Alice's neck.

Vic turned away. These were the friends that she and Jackie had known. Not much had changed. Except, of course, Jackie wasn't there. Vic had looked around several times - half-hoping to see her, half-afraid she would. Once a woman wearing a red sweatshirt that looked like Jackie's favorite came out of the restroom. Sweat broke out on Vic's forehead. The woman had turned around laughing. Vic hadn't known her. She'd reached for her beer bottle with a trembling hand. "Now stop it," she'd said to herself. "Just stop it."

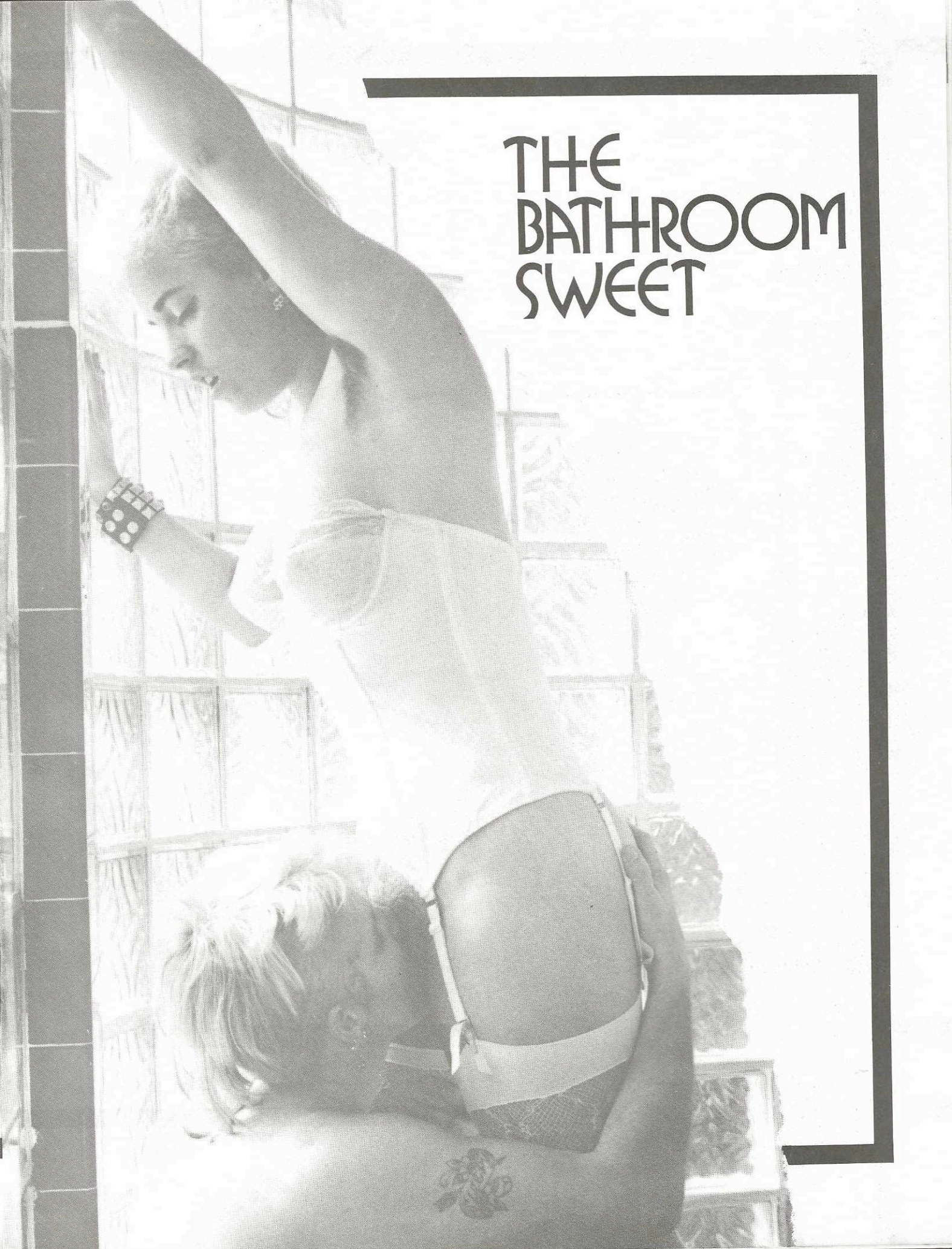
She looked at the crowd at the bar. An old queen sat on the last stool alone. She had on a powder blue cocktail dress, sequinned heels and a teased red wig. Her skin was wrinkled and her eye make-up was poorly done. Her lipstick was red and a little smudged. Vic remembered the first time she'd brought Jackie to the bar. She'd been so young - so naive. She said she thought the queens were sad because they were trying to be something they weren't.

"Don't you see," Vic had told her, "That they're trying to be what they are?"

A slow song started. Couples drifted to the dance floor. Vic was alone with

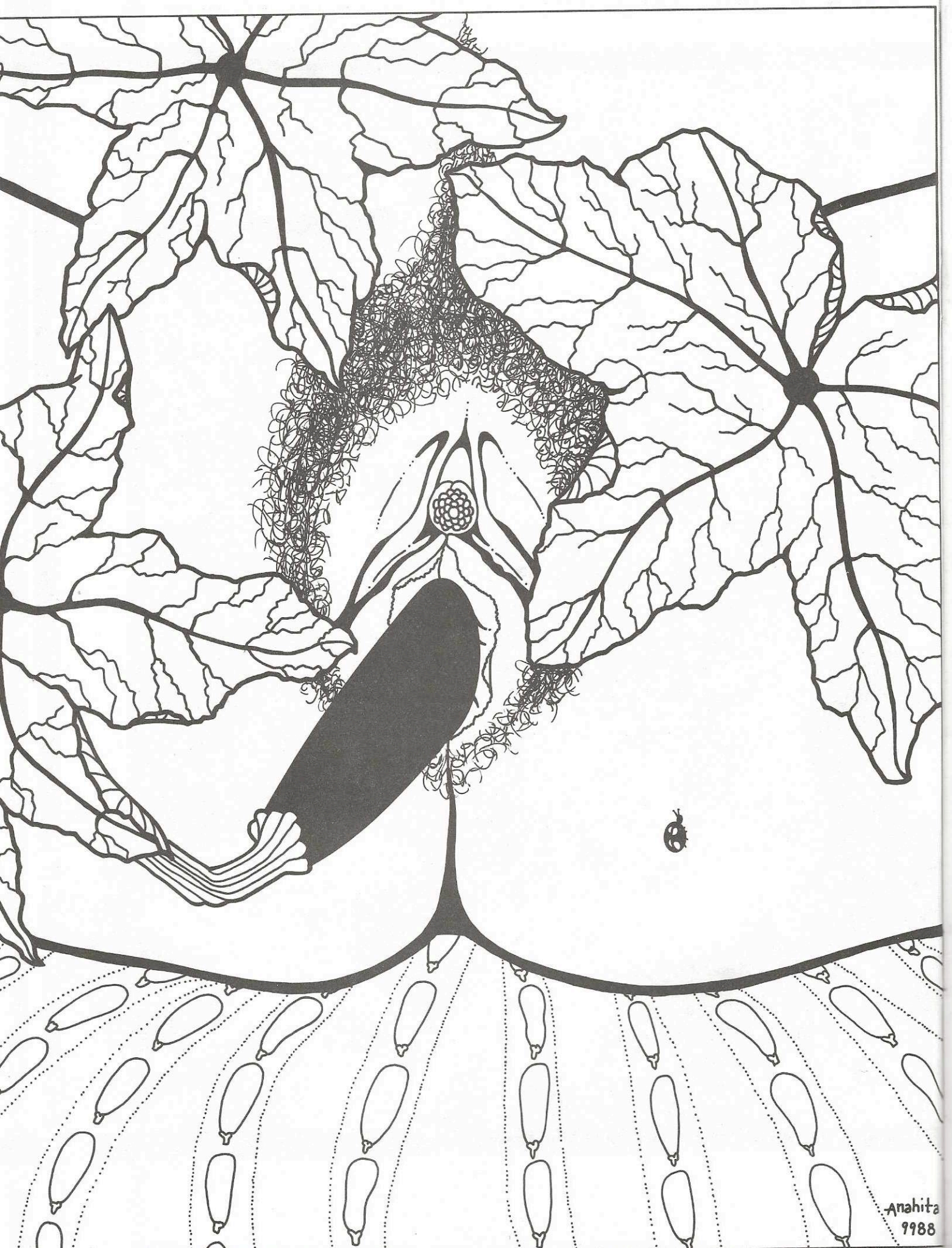
*(continued on page 40)*

*"They ate their true love's flesh," Ann raised her voice above the music. "In order to give them rebirth."*



# THE BATHROOM SWEET

MODELS: KIMO & JILL PHOTOS: ISOLDA/RAMIREZ


Anahita
9988

# The Garden

My basket was full of the heavy, lucious fruit of the garden. I unloaded them carefully in the coolness of the kitchen. The tomatoes' juices were close to bursting their skins, and the zucchinis were cool in their sleek green skins. Some were still adorned with their flower bud on the tip. I rinsed the vegetables and laid them carefully on a clean white dish towel.

The heat was intense. I poured myself my Sunday treat, champagne and orange juice, and sipping it, moved lazily down the basement steps. The cool tile at the last step led me to the bathroom. In two quick moves, I shed my clothes and stepped into the shower.

The warm water hit me like a rainstorm and washed away the heat, the dirt, the grime. I slid the gleaming white soap into my waiting hand and noticed my nipples were at their full attention; little flower buds between my fingers. Washing my belly, legs, and feet, I moved my hands back toward the center, between my thighs. The sun had done its job there.

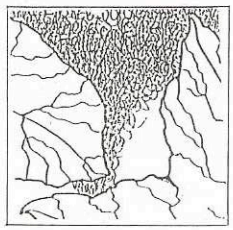
My cunt had flowered into ripeness, its smooth skin taut and flowing with earthy juices. My sunburned fingers slipped inside the cave. It was hot and ballooned and I couldn't touch all the sides at once. I needed something to ice me down.

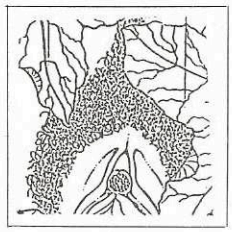
I remembered what was upstairs on the cool kitchen tile - just the thing. Stepping from the shower, I left wet prints all the way to the kitchen where I chose three long green zucchinis, none of them small, and moved on to my bedroom.

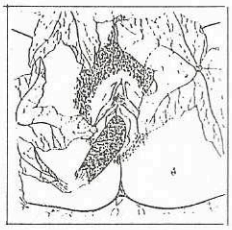
The sheets were cool as the four of us lay down. I spread my legs and ceremoniously chose one of the vegetables. I removed its flower bud and placed the coolness between my waiting legs. I thought to gently tease the outer doors of my cunt, but instead I opened up and sucked it all in. Red heat and green cool collided. The green was sucked in further, further, until the lips of my cave spasmed around its stem. It lost its coolness in a flash.

I drew the zuch out slowly, a moan escaping from my mouth. I exchanged it for the biggest squash from the white sheet. It seemed huge, but the cave called for it. This time, in more control, I thought, I moved my garden toy, starting at my bush, slowly down the side of the vaginal opening, around my bottom and back up the other side. I rubbed it softly across my own flower bed, again and again, until it ripened to bursting. With deliberate slowness, I pushed the green in just an inch. Even more slowly it made its way in a fraction at a time, then retreated. Back in a bit further and again withdrawn. Each time it gained more entrance until finally it filled my cunt entirely and stayed, humping the walls until the ripeness burst and the cool sheets were watered with the rain of my cum.

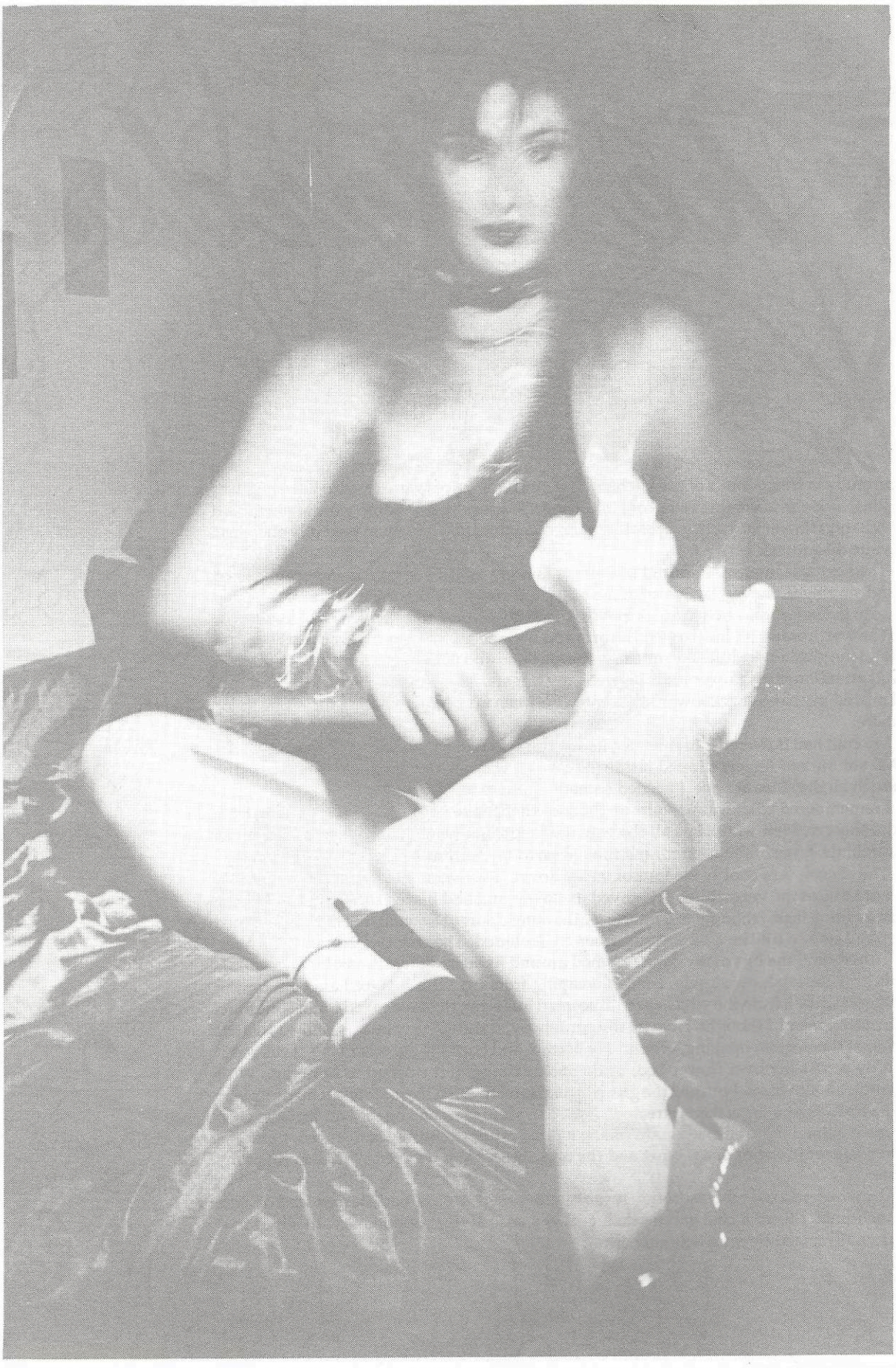
I awoke relaxed, the morning restlessness gone. Hours had passed and it was lunchtime. I fixed a cool green salad, and as a special treat, topped it with sliced raw zucchini, spiced by my own rainstorm.







story: Luna
illus: Sine Anahita



# Demon Lover

Katy always said she wanted to be the Demon Lover, the one we desire even when we know it is not us she wants, but our souls. When she comes back to me now, she comes in that form, and I never fail to think that the shadows at her shoulders could be wings.

She comes in when I am not quite asleep and brings me fully awake by laying cold fingers on my warm back. Her pale skin gleams in the moonlight, reflecting every beam like a mirror of smoked glass while her teeth and nails shine phosphorescent.

"Wake up," Katy whispers, and leans over to bite my naked shoulder. "Wake up. Wake up!"

"No," I say. "Not you."

But I knew she was coming. I could hear her echoes peeling back off the moments, the way Aunt Raylene always said she could hear a spell coming on. Katy's persistent. Some of my ghosts are so faded, they only come when I reach for them. This one reaches for me.

"Sit up," she says. "I won't bite you." But her teeth are sharp in the pale light and I sit up warily. The only predictable thing about Katy was her stubborn perversity; she would do whatever she swore solemnly she would not.

"Shit," I whisper and roll over. She laughs and passes me a joint. The smoke wreathes her like a cloak, heavy and sweet around us. I inhale deeply, grin up at her and say, "My hallucinations get me stoned."

"Lucky you. It costs everyone else money."

She blows smoke out her nose. Katy has a matter-of-fact manner about her tonight, very unlike herself. It's been three years since she O.D.'d and in that time she's grown more urgent, not less. This strange air of calmness disturbs me. If the dead lose their restlessness, do they finally go away? *(continued page 42)*

By Dorthy Allison

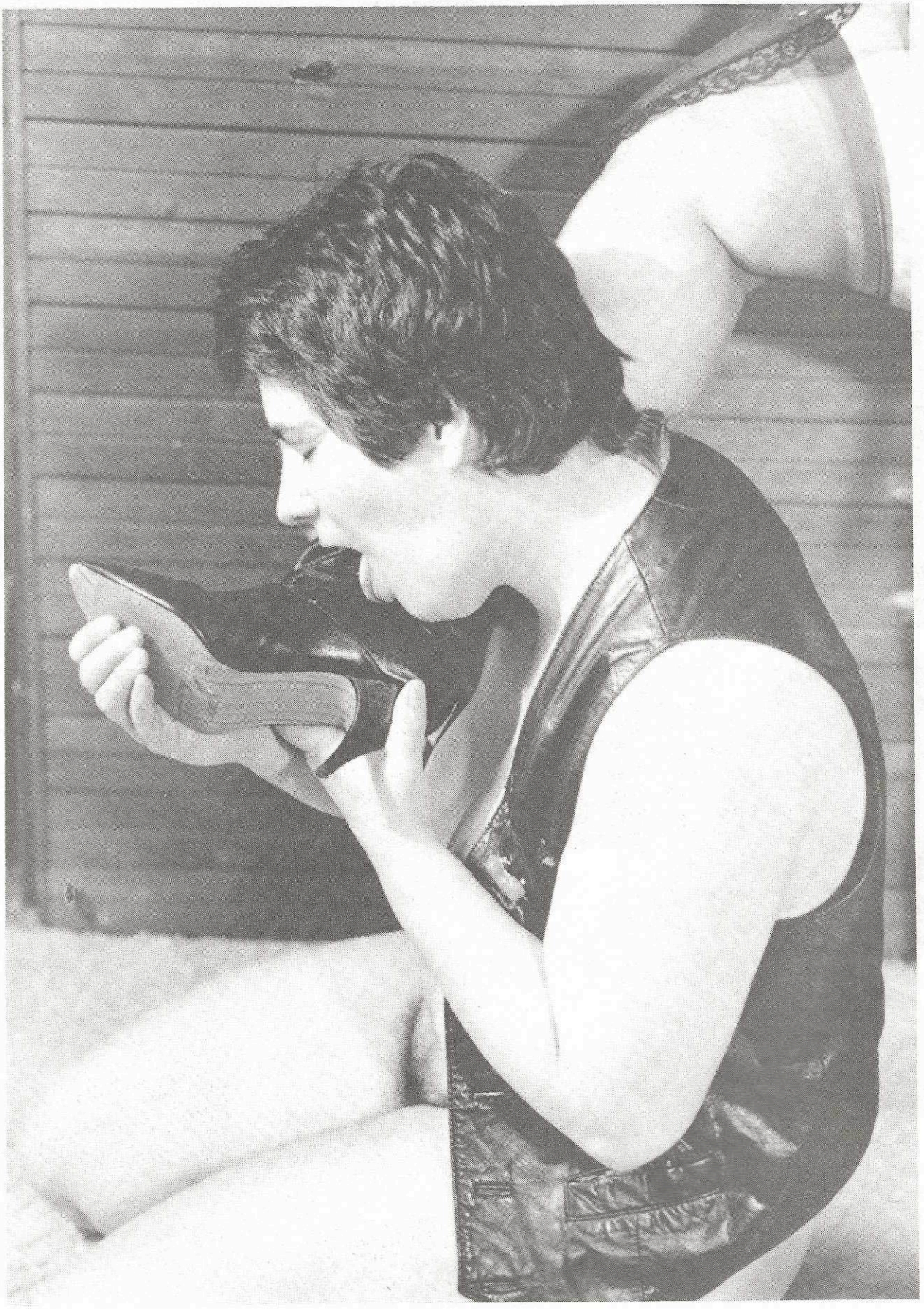
photo By Tracy Mostovoy

# SPIT and POLISH

**PHOTOS by KATIE NILES**

MODELS:

MIDKNIGHT and LINDA



*Live women's wrestling from Lady Hawke*

FANTASY LOVER
*directed by Lavender Blue,*
*starring Alex Greco and Nicole Ashley,*
*distributed by Tiger Rose, P.O. Box 609, Cotati, Ca 94928*
*$32.00 ppd.*

CLIPS
*directed by Debi Sundahl and Nan Kinney,*
*starring Coco Jo and Hoolihan, Fanny Fatale and Kenni Mann, and Greta,*
*from Fatale Video, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114*
*$37.00 ppd.*

REFLECTIONS
*directed by Janet Liss,*
*starring Dawn Margaret and Xavier,*
*distributed by Tri-Image Productions, P.O. Box 50145, Long Beach, CA 90815*
*$37.00 ppd.*

I've had Fun With my Sausage. I've fisted my way through Private Pleasures and contemplated the advantages of a suspension sling from Shadows. I've been Erotic in Nature more than once, and I've got the mosquito bites to prove it.

But where's the second wave in lesbian erotica? Would-be lesbian pornographers know that every time they turn the camera on they're crashing down someone's favorite stereotypes about lesbian sexuality. The most popular quarrel seems to be that old chestnut: softcore vs. hardcore, romance vs. lust.

The first three lesbian erotic production companies, Fatale, Tigress, and Tri-Images, have all released new videos, and their second round reveals a lot about what their audience likes (and didn't like) the first time.

Fatale's new explicit feature, Clips, continues a tradition of breaking ladylike taboos of what exactly we're doing in bed. If you haven't talked about anal sex, lesbian fellatio/tribadism, or dental dams with your lover yet, consider this video the perfect icebreaker.

Clips is three short vignettes. The first is a ritualistic solo sex scene with Greta, who brings herself to orgasm anally with a Jupiter IV dildo. In the second scene a beautiful couple who make bondage look absolutely luxurious in pink and blue satin, incorporate safe sex accessories into their lovemaking. Finally the last clip reveals a "married" pair who break through the monotony of their boob tube evenings.

The femme, determined to break the Wall St Journal curtain that has her lover so absorbed, masturbates herself to ejaculation in an orgasm that puts the G-spot on the map. This is the kind of scene you can shut your eyes and see hours later. Her Big Spurt finally gets her hubby's attention, who whips a surprise out of her fly and has her lover suck it while getting some carefully placed arm action at the same time. Yes, ma'm, lesbian cocksucking has arrived!

Tigress has not produced their next blockbuster yet, about lesbian cowgirls, but they are distributing a small video by Lavender Blue, Fantasy Dancer. Dancer concerns the fantasy of a young woman who accompanies her boyfriend to a strip show and imagines getting down with the dancer on stage. The video is taken up with their foreplay and then, some serious orgasm building. The stripper is black, softly butch, and the

*"CLIPS": Lesbian Sex vs. The Wall St Journal*

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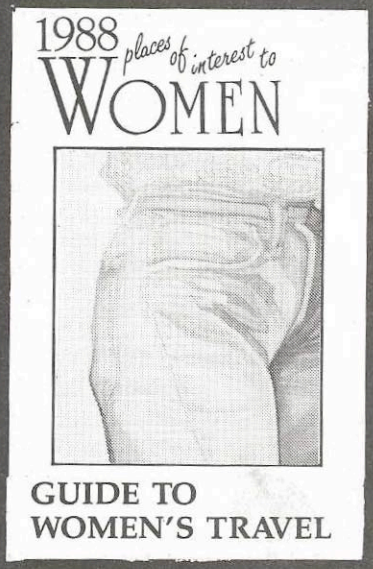



**REVIEWS** *(continued from page 35)*

visitor is an aggressive blond. Their differences are obviously at the heart of the video's eroticism. The opening dance number is not nearly wicked or eloquent enough to start anyone fantasizing, but once the lovers are alone on stage, the video really begins. The couple does tribadism, pussyeating, and fingerfucking in various combinations. Their lovemaking is much more realistic than the average commercial porn video but unfortunately it's that same "documentary" realism that keeps the picture from really flying.

Tiger Rose doen't make an explicit statement about it, but it's clear that they are proud to have an interracial lesbian story on the market. Tri-Image's Reflections, however, is explicitly built around the message of how a black woman gets discriminated against when she uses a personal correspondence service to meet another woman. She eventually finds her soulmate, and both of them recount how prejudice and mistrust led up to their affair and could have knocked it right off the track.

Not a bad story line, but the way it's delivered is so naive it's like Captain Kangaroo on racism. Only the most sheltered 15 year old will be surprised by Xavier's story, and while the two women are a very attractive couple, there is a childish quality to their story which is very peculiar.

My lover grabbed the box cover from me and studied it as I told her that the video was trying to tackle the problem of racism. She disagreed : "Their problem is they're both femme."

Now that was totally unfair, but it certainly pointed out the question of personal taste. Lots of viewers do want to see feminine women together, and in true Southern California style, Tri-Image is the most reliable for femme on femme suburban appeal. It's not Desert Hearts, but the two would make a good double feature.

*- Susie Bright*

**WOMEN'S FREE-FORM WRESTLING**
*Lady Hawke Entertainment*
*P.O. Box 2518*
*Vancouver, WA 98668-2518*
*$1.00 for catalog*

Never watch a women's wrestling video with your lover, especially if she

has a definite size advantage over you.

Women's free-form wrestling videos are one-of-a-kind productions by Lady Hawke Entertainment in Vancouver, Washington. The 30-minute tapes feature matches between women wrestlers who are obviously very serious about what they do, which is forcing their opponents to submit . No time limits, and very few rules. (Sarah, how am I supposed to write this review if my head is gripped tightly between your ankles?)

Don't expect leggy blondes in string bikinis wallowing in jello or hot fudge, pulling each other's hair and squealing. It's more like hardcore Roller Derby.

A tape titled Card #8 features five matches between Lady Brandy Hawke and Kat, two big, tough women in no-nonsense 50's-style bathing suits. There is no sound except unintelligible grunts from the wrestlers and the slap and thud of bodies hitting the wall-to-wall mats. (Sarah, the living room carpet is not the same as a wrestling mat.)

The women are both highly skilled and very determined - it is only through her size and weight advantage that Brandy manages three wins to Kat's two.

Card #10 is a training tape, and provides enough background to help the viewer further appreciate the previous matches. Lady Brandy Hawke teaches wrestling moves to young Pooh-Bear and Angel, two cute and eager novices. (I didn't realize Lady Brandy Hawke was also teaching my attentive lover such gems as The Cradle - pushing the chin away from the chest - and the previously-mentioned head-between-the-ankles trick.)

The matches between Pooh-Bear and Angel displayed their lack of experience but also, happily for us, their energy and natural talents. (Speaking of energy and natural talents, please, honey, just wait, okay? I'm almost done.)

Technically, these are not sex-oriented videos, the intention being "just good wrestling," according to Lady Brandy Hawke. But everyone has her own definition of sexy. There is a definite erotic quality to the power struggles between Brandy and Kat. I also go for big women.

"Try one on her and make her hurt," Brandy tells her novices. Whether you take her advice literally (Okay, baby, I'm all yours) or experience this pain vicariously, the videos from Lady Hawke Enterprises give new meaning to the term "power-play."

*- Maryhope Tobin*

**SEXPOINT** *(continued from page 11)*

to admire from afar, I decided.

Finally, she ended a relationship she'd been in for several months— with a femme, I observed somewhat cynically — cried over it, and was too miserable for pursuit, even if I'd had the will.

But one night I comforted her when she was feeling depressed about how things had turned out for her and the other woman. I invited her out for a drink and told her that anyone who'd leave her didn't have the sense they were born with.

Having gotten that far, I went on to spill all the beans. I told her I intended to make a serious move on her, as soon as she was ready. She looked astonished, but not, I noticed, was she bewildered or mystified at the subversion of this natural order of things. She was pleased by my interest.

**We Make Love and the Butch Confesses**

"I was butch in the womb," Carrie tells me. "I was really upset when they forced me to stop playing touch football with boys. I never deferred to boys. They liked playing with me because I was bigger than them and liked playing the same games."

I ask her why she's always been with femmes. "I've always been more attracted to butch women," she says. "In every couple where there was an obvious butch and a femme, it was always the butch that caught my eye."

So why have you always been with femmes? I persisted.

"Aggressive femmes would always swoop down on me before anything else could happen," she responds with the helplessness of a woman desired intensely by others and always pursued. "They assumed I was butch in bed because I'm butch in my life. One lover I had wouldn't ever penetrate me because I was the butch and that just wasn't supposed to happen. I did what they wanted me to because I wanted to be a good lover. But I was always mildly frustrated because I wasn't getting my fantasies fulfilled. It was serviceable sex."

"So does that make me an aggressive femme because I swooped down on you?" I ask her.

She laughs. "No femme could take me the way you take me. I love being had by you. I like the way you take your pleasure from fucking me. I used to have to get off with whatever was left lying around. I wasn't supposed to be the


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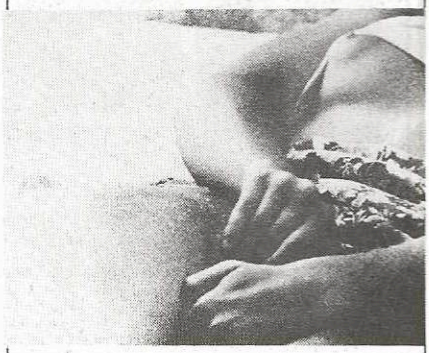

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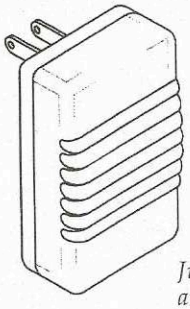

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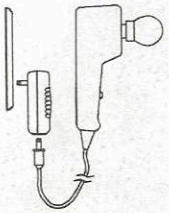

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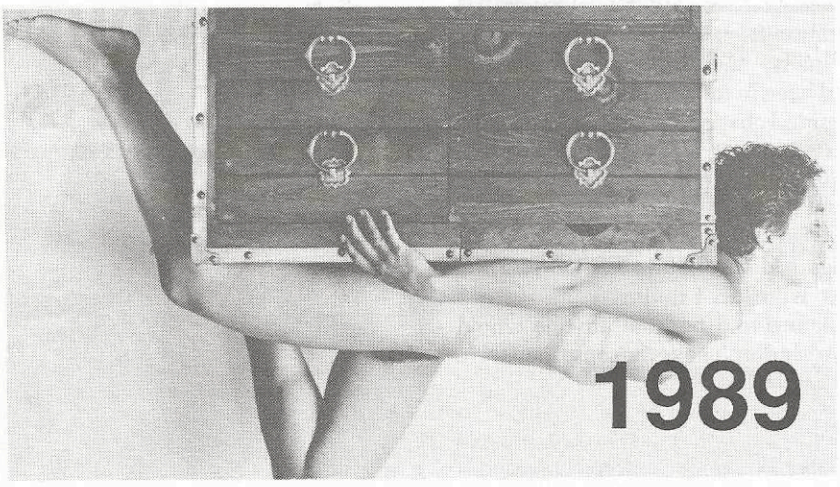


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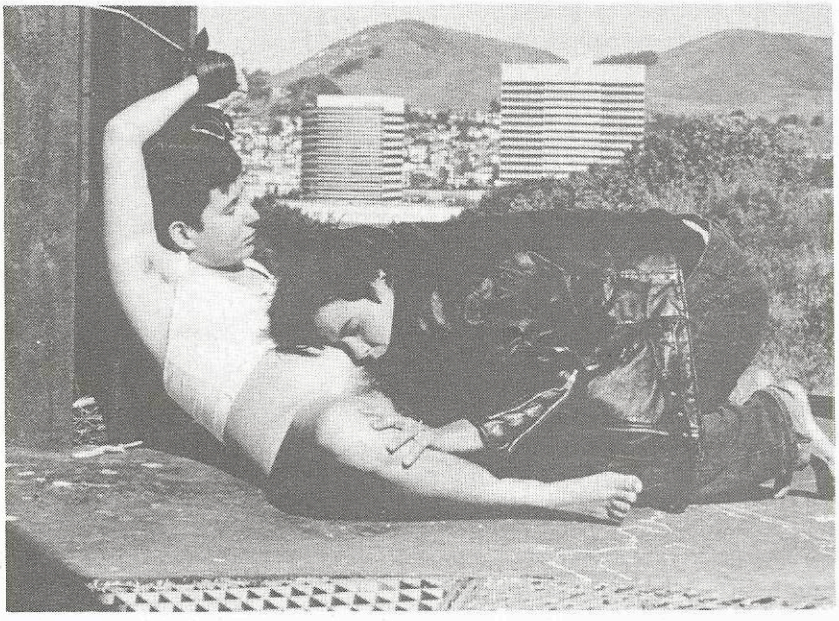

centerpiece. I didn't like that. Being on my back doesn't compromise the integrity of this butch."

"I ain't baking cakes, sorry, but I like to spread my legs. No one's ever going to come up to me and say I'm a femme.

"I love your strength. I love it that you can wrestle me to the ground. I've always been the biggest and the strongest, and you match me. I also like it that you're butch without stomping around. You're a different layer of butch and that interests me."

**A Few Words by Way of a Conclusion**

Most of the fantasies I've read, most of the butches I've talked to, resolve themselves eventually into the butch/femme format. One butch to whom I put this "butch on butch" question said, flatly, (before moving onto the topic she was most interested in - femmes), "I don't know too much about it. I know it exists."

Another said, "I've had butch women be attracted to me, but I look for femmes on purpose. I don't bother with butch women. I just don't fall in love with them."

Others looked at me like I was a little, you know, weird, and said stuff along the lines of, "Well, you know, I'm not putting it down or anything."

Maybe most butch-on-butch couples are the kind of couples who say, "Role? What role? We're not playing any roles." Denial is rampant. Whereas two femmes together might be seen as a kind of quintessentially lesbian-within-a-lesbian experience, and a butch/femme combination reflects the "normal" yin/yang balance; *two butches together* are unlesbian. Two "boys" together can seem more like an affront to the natural order of lesbianism.

Butches who like to get fucked by other butches, butches like my lover, are basically women who like using the right tool for the right job. Their genitals happen to the right tool for the job of getting off, and they'll happily get on their backs to do it right. Along with her power tools, her toys, and her cunt, this elusive butch lover of mine craves my butchness to hone her strengths against.

**The Happy Ending**

Last night, she made the first move. I let myself come for her. The next morning, when I get up, long after she has gone to work, I find this note: *Ahh! You were so delicious last night, the elusive butch bottom — what a taste treat! P.S. - I love you for your mind, too. -C.*

**POPPA** *(continued from page 19)*

quietness of the night, likes her body moving into power. When we go to women's parties, I watch amused at the stares she gets when she answers the traditional question, "What do you do?" with her non-traditional answer, "I load trucks in a warehouse." When the teachers and social workers no longer address their comments to her, I want to shout at them, where is your curiosity about women's lives, where is your wonder at boundaries broken?

My woman poppa is thirteen years younger than I, but she is wise in her woman-loving ways. Breasts and ass get her hot, that wonderful hot which is a heard and spoken desire. I make her hot and I like that. I like her sweat and her tattoos, I like her courtliness and her disdain of the boys, I mother her and wife her and slut her, and together we are learning to be comrades.

She likes me to wear a black slip to bed; to wear dangling earrings and black stockings with sling back heels when we play. She likes my perfume and lipstick and nail polish. I enjoy these slashes of color, the sweetened place in my neck where she will bury her head when she is moving on me. I sometimes sit on her, my cunt open on her round belly, my breasts hanging over her, my nipples grazing her lips. I forbid her to touch me and continue to rock on her, my wetness smearing her belly. She begins to moan and curves her body upwards, straining at the restrictions.

"Please baby, please," my woman poppa begs. "Please let me fuck you." Then suddenly, when she has had enough, she smiles, opens her eyes, says, "You have played enough," and using the power she has had all along, throws me from my throne.

Sometimes she lies in bed wearing her cock under the covers. I can see its outline under the pink spread. I just stand in my slip watching her, her eyes getting heavy. Then I sit alongside her, on the edge of the bed, telling her what a wonderful cock she has, as I run my hand down her belly until I reach her lavender hardness. I suck her nipple and slowly stroke her, tugging at the cock so she can feel it through the leather triangle that holds it in place.

"Let me suck you," I say, my face close to hers, my breasts spilling out on hers. "Let me take your cock in my mouth and show you what I can do." She nods, almost as if her head is too heavy to move.

Oh, my darling, this play is real. I do long to suck you, to take your courage into my mouth, both cunt, your flesh, and cock, your dream, deep into my mouth, and I do. I throw back the covers and bend over her carefully so she can see my red lips and red-tipped fingers massaging her cock. I take one of her hands and wrap it around the base so she can feel my lips as I move on her. I give her the best I can, licking the lavender cock its whole length and slowly tonguing the tip, circling it with my tongue. Then I take her fully into my mouth, into my throat. She moans, moves, tries to watch, and cannot as the image overpowers her. When I have done all that I can, I bend the wet cock up on her belly and sit on her so I can feel it pressing against my cunt. I rock on her until she is ready and then she reaches down and slips the cock into me. Her eyes are open now, wonderfully clear and sharp, and she slips her arms down low around my waist so I am held tight against her. Very slowly, she starts to move her hips upward in short strong thrusts. I am held on my pleasure by her powerful arms; I can do nothing but move and take and feel. When she knows I have settled in, she moves quicker and quicker, her breath coming in short hard gasps. But I hear the words, "Oh baby, you are so good to fuck."

I forget everything but her movements. I fall over her, my head on the pillow above her. I hear sounds, moans, shouted words, know my fists are pounding the bed but I am unaware of forming words or lifting my arms. I ride and ride harder and faster, encircled by her arms, by her gift.

"Give it all to me, let it all go," I know she is saying. I hear a voice answering, "you you you you" and I am pounding the bed, her arms, anything I can reach. How dare you do this to me, how dare you push me beyond my daily voice, my daily body, my daily fears. I am chanting; we are dancing. We have broken through.

Then, it is over. We return and gently she lifts me off her belly. I slide down her body, rest and then release her from the leather. We sleep.

Yes, my woman poppa knows how to move me but she knows many other things as well. She knows she will not be shamed; she knows her body carries complicated messages. My woman poppa, my dusty sparrow, I know how special you are. Your strength, both of loving and of need, is not mistaken for betrayal of your womanness.


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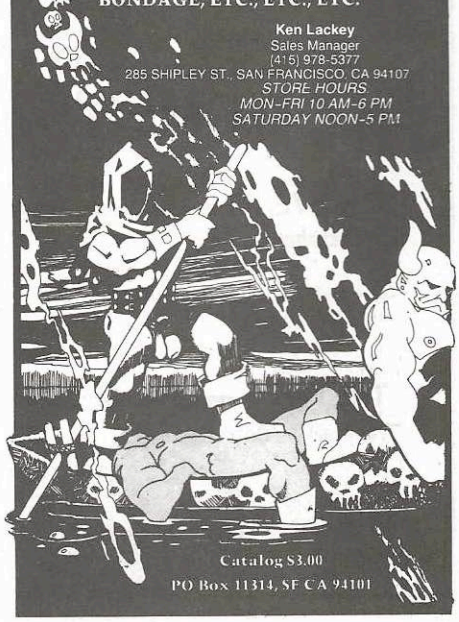

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**VALKYRIE** *(continued from page 22)*

Natalie. She smiled at her weakly then turned to watch the dancers.

"I hate this." Natalie sounded closer.

"What?" Vic turned. She'd moved to the chair next to her.

"I said, I hate this. Sitting here alone like this."

"Oh." Vic looked at the empty places at the table and nodded, "Me, too."

"I thought at least you could talk to me."

Vic looked at the Viking woman, surprised. "Me?"

"Well, you can talk, can't you?"

'She's drunk,' Vic thought. "Sure I can talk," she said.

They both waited.

"Please say something to me!" Natalie's voice rose.

Vic stared at her. She dragged on her cigarette. "Have you ever been to a music festival?"

"No." Natalie answered flatly.

"Do you like Ferron's music?" Vic remembered Jackie's favorite.

"No." Now she seemed clearly annoyed.

Vic tipped up her beer bottle, took a long draw and sat it down with a thud. "Do you want to dance then?"

Vic stood just inside the door and waited while Natalie pulled off her boots and nervously stacked newspapers that were scattered on the floor. Rain blew gently against the windows. The house was small, cluttered. Make-shift book shelves were full. Books were stacked around the chairs. The only light came from a sparkling oil lamp and an aquarium that bubbled lazily in a corner of the room. The air was heavy with the scent of patchouli. Natalie adjusted the venetian blinds and strips of moonlight fell across the quilt-covered sofa. The rain had started up again. She straightened the mess on the coffee table and turned to Vic with a pleading look

Vic smiled. They were both nervous. "Come here."

Natalie came towards her. Her eyes were blue, paler than seemed possible.

It occurred to Vic that she was too old and fat to be doing this. She couldn't remember the last time she'd picked up a woman at the bar and gone home with her. She didn't want another woman to see her stretch marks and gall bladder incision.

Only her neediness kept her rooted in her spot, that and the knowledge that she was a skillful lover. Jackie had told her that, and women before Jackie, a long time ago. She felt Natalie's warmth and moved as close as possible to her without touching.

Who had decided this would happen? They'd danced and sat in each other's arms afterwards. It had been a long time since she'd held a woman like that.

At midnight, the owner of the bar, Lou, had announced she was taking up a collection for Gary's headstone. The juke box played a ballad called "That's What Friends Are For." Men and women formed a line and moved slowly, somberly, to drop money on a black cloth laid on the dance floor. The line snaked in and out between the tables.

Vic thought about angels of death and Valhalla and wondered if Gary existed anywhere except in that bar that night. She dropped five dollars on the cloth and returned to the table thinking that being away from her own people was a kind of a death. She knew she didn't have to make love to Natalie to be a part of things. But she suddenly wanted the woman intensely.

Her bedroom was small. An unmade queensized bed took up most of the space. Vic's jeans lay in a heap over her boots at the end of the bed. She lay, propped on one elbow next to Natalie, her face buried in the woman's throat. She moved slowly, savoring everything.

Natalie's breasts were smaller than her own. She ran her fingers over them, then her tongue, flicking the nipples, sucking them one at a time until they were firm. She stroked the soft white flesh beneath her rib cage. Vic noticed that Natalie had an incision. She leaned over and with small kisses trailed the length of it, between her breasts to her navel.

The rain sounded more lively now, blowing against the window, perhaps freezing. Vic heard flecks of ice striking the glass. Natalie had lit a couple of vanilla scented candles. Cozy shadows flickered on the walls.

Vic had worried at first that the candles might catch the messy dresser on fire. But she didn't feel she knew Natalie well enough to point that out.

"What should I do?" Natalie whispered. "What would you like me to do?"

Vic kissed her, gently touching her breasts. "All I want you to do right now is enjoy this."

"That would please you?"

"That would please me."

Natalie's nipples were erect. Vic pressed the length of her body; their breasts were touching, warm and soft. They kissed. Vic felt hands on her shoulders massaging small circles. Natalie's hair was coming loose and lay in tangled golden threads across the pillow. She ran her fingers over Natalie's belly and slid them into her moist triangle.

Natalie's breathing was slow. She opened her legs. Both hands on Vic's shoulders, she gave a gentle push.

"Please," she whispered hoarsely.

Vic gave it to her. Natalie was wet and soon Vic's chin and cheeks were warm and glazed. She worried that she was going too fast, but the smell and taste of sex intoxicated her. She slid two fingers inside with ease. She licked and sucked expertly, moving her tongue in circles alternately flicking from side to side. She was hungry for this. She'd been starving and felt lost in a binge.

Vic felt Natalie run her fingers through her hair. She held Vic's head in place, and began moving her hips against her. Vic, who had given little thought to breathing, began to breathe sparingly, when she had a chance. Knowing it would be over soon, she made no effort to resist. Natalie gently fucked her face to orgasm and with a soft cry - pulled away.

Vic rested her head on Natalie's soft inner thigh for a moment then moved up to lay next to her. She pulled the Viking woman close: holding her, kissing each eyelid, stroking her hair. Natalie snuggled close and Vic wondered how she had lived so long without this. She closed her eyes. They were both still for a long time. The rain had stopped. The only sounds were the ticking of a wind-up alarm clock, the distant bubbling of the aquarium in the livingroom and Natalie's ragged breathing. Her uneven breaths sounded close to sobs. Vic held her and waited. She thought about the bar, about Gary and about Jackie. She remembered something Sandy had said earlier that night. "What happens to the not-so-brave warriors?"

"They live to fight another day."

Vic buried her face in Natalie's soft shoulder. The Viking woman stroked her hair.

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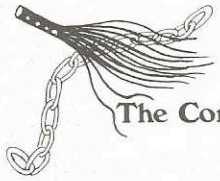

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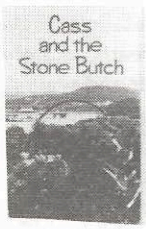


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**DEMON LOVER** *(continued from page 31)*

Something falls in the other room; wood striking wood. It's probably Molly going to the bathroom a little drunk as usual, knocking things over. Katy slides up on one knee and clutches the edge of the waterbed frame. If she were a cat her hair would be on end. As it is, the hair above her ears seems suddenly fuller. I reach over and take the joint from her hand, moving gently, carefully soothing her with only my unspoken demand to hold her.

"You going to wake me up in the night," I tell her, "you might as well entertain me. Tell me where you got this delicacy. It's mashed pecan, right? Tastes just like that batch we got in Atlanta that time we hitchhiked up from Daytona Beach."

Still in her cat's aspect, Katy looks back at me, her huge eyes cold and ruthless. Her expression makes me want to push into her breast, put my tongue to her throat and hear her cruel lovely laugh again. It would be easy, delicious and easy, and not at all the way it had been when she was alive. Alive, she was never easy.

"You ain't got no taste at all. It's Panama City home-grown." She comes back down on the bed, not disturbing the mattress at all. "You always talking 'bout that mashed pecan, but first time I got you really stoned on it, you got sick. Spent the night in the bathroom, being the most pitiful child. I swear."

"That was Tampa, and that killer Jamaican." I draw another deep lungful of the sweet smoke. "In Atlanta, you got sick and threw up on the only clean shirt I had with me."

Katy gives her laugh finally, and predictably, I feel the goosebumps rise on my thighs. She settles herself so that her naked left hip is against my shoulder. Her skin is smooth, cool, wonderful. I put my hand on her thigh and she leans forward to sniff my cheek and rub her lips on my eyebrows.

I cannot touch Katy without remembering making love to her on Danny's couch with a dozen drunk and stoned people around the corner in the living room; the tickle of the feathers she wore laced into the small braids over her ears, and the cold chill of the knife she always pulled out of her boot and pushed under the pillows; the sheathed blade that always seemed to migrate down to the small of my back.

Most of all I remember the talent with

which Katy would bite me just hard enough to make me gasp, her bubbling laughter as she whispered, "Don't make no noise. They'll hear." Even now, after all this time, I sometimes make love holding my breath, trying to make no sound, pretending that it is the way it always was back then, with drunk and dangerous strangers around the corner, and Katy playing at trying to get me to make a sound that they might hear. It was the worst sex and the best, the most dangerous and absolutely the most satisfying. No one else has ever made love to me like that—as if sex were a contest on which your life depended. No one has ever scared me so much, or made me love them so much. And no one else has ever died on me the way she did, with everything between us unsettled and aching.

I slap her thigh brusquely, pushing her back. "You should have had the consideration to puke into a pot. Ruining that shirt that way. You were always careless of me and my stuff."

Katy nods. "A little. Yeah, I was." She settles back on the mattress, crosslegged and still just touching my shoulder.

"But I always made it up to you. Remember, I stole you another shirt in Atlanta." Her hand trading the joint is transparent. I can see right through to her smoky breasts, the nipples dark and stiff.

"That cotton cowboy shirt with the yellow yoke and the green embroidery. Made you look like a toked-up Loretta Lynn." She gives her short barking laugh.

"You still got that one?"

"No, I lost it somewhere."

I remember going home for the service one of the local drug counselors organized. People were standing around talking about the shame and the waste, and Katy's mama slapped my hand when I touched her accidentally.

"It should have been you," she'd hissed. "Any one of you, it should have been. Not Katy." Her eyes had been flat and dry. She hadn't cried at all, and neither had I. I spent that night in my mama's kitchen, talking long distance to my lover up north about how everybody had looked; the way Katy's last boyfriend had glared at me from beside his parole officer. I'd hugged the phone to my ear and that yellow cowboy shirt between my fists, wringing it until I was shredding the yoke, pulling the snaps off, ripping the seams. I'd torn that shirt apart, talked for hours, but never gotten around to crying.

I didn't cry until months later in the Women's Center bathroom. I'd been stone sober but I was standing up to piss, my knees slightly bent, my jeans down around my ankles, my head turned to the side so I could see myself in the mirror. It was the way Katy had insisted we piss when we went road-tripping.

"You're the dyke," she'd always said. "Keep your health. Learn to piss like a boy and keep your butt dry."

"Piss like a boy," I'd whispered into the mirror, into Katy's painful memory. And just that easy her face was there, her full swollen mouth mocking me, whispering back, "Like a dyke. You the dyke here, girl. I sure ain't."

So then I'd cried, sobbed and cried, and beaten on that mirror with my fists until the women outside came to try and see what was going on. I'd shut up, washed my face and told them nothing. What could I tell them anyway? My ghost lover just came back and made me piss all over my jeans. My ghost lover is haunting me, and the trick is I am glad to see her.

Katy hands me the joint again, moving her small hands delicately. She smiles when she sees where my glance is trained. She flexes her fist, opens the fingers and wags them in front of my nose. I laugh and take the joint again.

"I loved that shirt. It was the best present you ever got me."

"You forgetting those black gloves with the rhinestones on the back I got in that shop on Peachtree Street. We always got the best stuff in Atlanta. Didn't we?"

"You just about got us busted in Atlanta."

"Oh hell, you were just a nervous nelly. Thought you were the only woman capable of slight-of-hand. You just never trusted me, girl."

"You were always so stoned. You did stupid things."

"I did wonderful things. I did amazing things, and stoned only made me better, made me smoother. Loosened me up and made me psychic. I was doing acid when I got you those gloves. That windowpane Blackie sold us."

"Purple haze. You always talk about the windowpane, but we only did

it once. You talk about the windowpane cause you like to scare people with the notion of you sticking it in your eyes."

"I only did it once with you. I did it lots with Mickey. We put it in our eyes, in our noses. Son of a bitch even shoved it up my ass."

She crushes the joint out on the bedframe. She is smiling and relaxed


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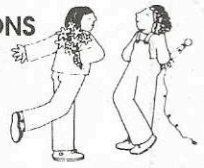

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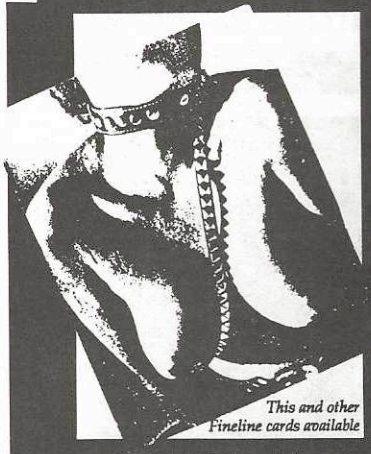

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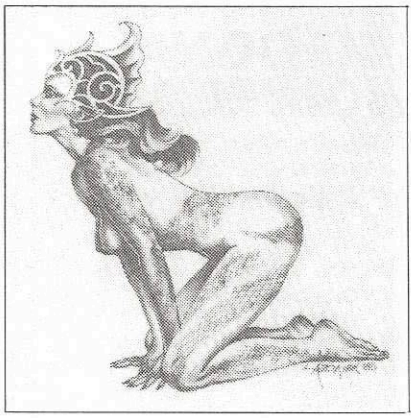

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now, very beautiful even though I am getting angry. Mickey was the one took her to California after I ran off. Mickey was the one who got her back on junk, left her in the motel room where she overdosed. Mickey was the one who threatened me at her memorial service, with his parole officer standing right there sweating in the heat. Mickey was the one I'd told to try it.

"Come for me asshole, and I'll cut off your balls and push them up your butt."

The parole officer had smiled, and my sweat had turned cold on my back. That wasn't like me, wasn't the kind of thing I'd say. It wasn't even the thing I'd been thinking. It was as if Katy had pushed the words out of my mouth. It was exactly the kind of thing Katy would have said.

But Mickey had overdosed himself at Raiford, and I'd never seen any of Katy's boyfriends again. Just Katy, any time she gets restless and wants to come back. I look at her now and my throat closes up. I cannot make casual conversation, cannot talk at all. I want to reach for her but I am too afraid. She is the vampire curse in my life. You have to invite them back and part of me always wants her, even when most of me doesn't. Right now all of me wants her; flesh and blood, body and soul.

Katy's thick black eyebrows raise and lower, seeing right through me, seeing my grief and my lust.

"Ahhh, bitch," she whispers and it sounds like "lover." She slips one hand under the sheet and strokes her nails along my leg.

I catch my breath. I could cry but don't. Will we be lovers again? Is she real enough this moment to put her filmy body along my too-tight muscles? She wants to; it shows in the unaccustomed softness in her face. I feel tears run down my cheeks.

Now she says it. "Lover."

"Junkie." I hiss it at her, beginning to really cry, making a hoarse ugly sound in the quiet room. "Goddamn you, you goddamned junkie!"

"Ahh well," she drawls, her fingers still stroking my leg. "It's not a lie." She drags herself over, rocking the bed this time, sliding under the sheet. She arranges her body to cup my side, her toes touch my ankle and her head turns so that her mouth is close to my ear.

"Not a lie, no." One hand caresses my stomach; the other hugs my hipbone.

"Goddamn you!" I try to lie still but start shaking.

"Don't be boring," she says. I feel her

tongue licking my cheek, wet and almost as rough as a cat's tongue. My whole body goes stiff, and my hands ball up into fists.

"Why do you keep coming back? Why don't you leave me alone? You weren't worth the trouble when you were alive and you sure aren't doing me any good now." I start to fight her, trying to pull away or push her away. But she is smoke only, a cloud on my skin and I can't escape her.

"Motherfucker..." I give it up to cry and turn my face into the pillow of her hair. It smells so sweet and familiar, marijuana and patchouli.

Katy's shoulders ride up and down. She arches her back and slides her body over so that her belly is on top of mine. I almost scream from the intensity of the sensation. It feels so good. It feels so awful.

"You loved me." She says it right into the hollow of my ear. "You love me still. Even after you left me, you loved me. You couldn't stand me, and you damn sure couldn't save me. But you couldn't stand it without me either. So here I am. Feel me."

She drums her knuckles on my hipbone. Her teeth nip my neck. I gasp and arch up into her. "I'm part of you," she whispers. "Right down in the core of you."

I pull myself back down and lie still, giving it up. "I know." I push my face up. My mouth covers her, tastes her. Her tongue is bitter honey, sliding between my lips, filling my mouth, pushing my own tongue up to the roof of my mouth, expanding until I think I will choke.

But I do not fight. I take her in. I want to swallow her, all of her. If she is a ghost, then why not? She could melt into my bones. We could be the same creature.

My hips begin to rock. My fingers curl up and try to grip her waist. A heated sweat rises all over my body. I want to rise up like steam into her, pull up right off my own bones, become something in the air, a scent of marijuana and patchouli, something sweet and nasty and impossibly sad. But I cannot get hold of her. My very movements seem to push her up and away, the cloud of her becoming mist-like, gossamer and fading.

"No!"

Her thumb is in the hollow of my throat. My own pulse roars in my ears. Her laughter is soft, too soft.

"Stop," she says and it comes from very far away. Too far. "You'll make yourself sick."

"I'll take a pill."

"Junkie." She laughs again. Her pleasure in being able to say that to me almost makes me laugh back. "You take too many pills."

That is too much. I go limp again and look up into her black black eyes. "Oh mama," I giggle.

"Ooooh Maaamaaaa." Her mouth draws the words out delightfully, rich with lust. She rocks against me and I can feel her, the flesh hard and cold and powerful.

"I'll make it interesting for both of us," she promises. Her nails rake me lightly. Goosebumps radiate from every burning pinprick. I am not afraid. I burn. I want her so badly. Like a madwoman, I don't care anymore what is real.

"You move," she tells me, "and I'm gone." The cloud of her lifts and it is all I can do to hold myself still until she comes back down.

"You must hold yourself absolutely still. Absolutely."

Her skin burns me where it touches. I stiffen, holding myself for her. Her weight comes down until I shudder with pleasure. Instantly her body lifts, becomes a cloud again. Her phantom laughter is rich and close. I bite my lips and hold myself still again. She comes down again. So cold. So hot. I groan. She lifts, laughs, rises again. It goes on and on.

Do you love me? Do you want me? Do you remember me? Do you hate me? Do you love me?

I love you, come all over you, come up into the dark of you, the pit of you. Pull me down into the pit of you. Memory and touch and taste. You are never alone, never going to be alone. If you cry, I will. If you scream, I will. If you are, I am.

"I love you," she says.

I am numb. I have come so much my bones have turned to concrete. Their weight immobilizes me. Katy's hot skin presses all over me. It is so dark, so still. I am drifting off into sleep. I want to wrap my arms around her and pull her down with me, sleep in the luxury of her embrace. But hours of conditioning stop me and I do not move. I just slide further down into sleep. She says it again.

"I love you."

"You're dead," I mumble.

Her weight increases, presses down on me. I open my eyes.

"Doesn't matter." She has spread out, filled the room. She is enormous, masses of dark all around me. I am afraid. Suddenly I am deeply deeply afraid, and when she laughs I feel the cold.

"Doesn't matter at all."


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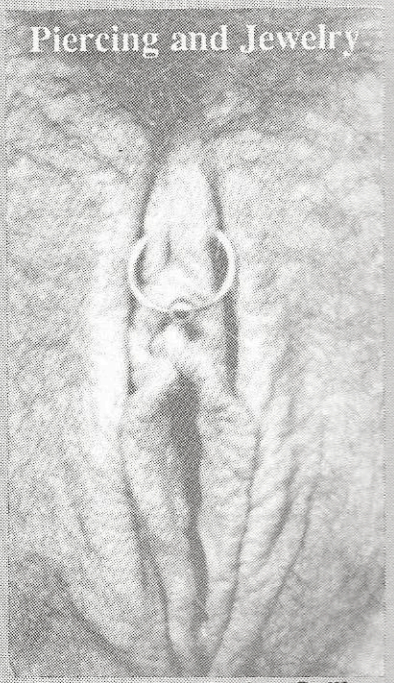

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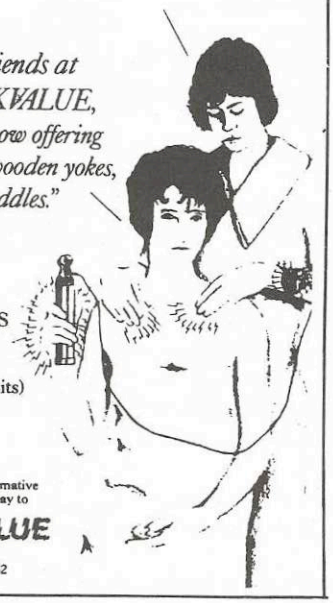

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City/State/Zip _____ Enclosed is total payment: $ _____

Signature _____ (I am over 18 years old)

**Deadlines: the 15th of February, May, August, and November preceding the issue**

## BUSINESS

### WOMANLINK

Connecting leatherwomen world-wide. SASE to 2124 Kittredge, #257, Berkeley, CA 94704.

### CHICAGO

New lesbian S/M and B/D club in Chicago, CUFF-LINKS, (312) 794-8946.

### STEAMY EROTIC FICTION

Beautifully crafted stories, the book critics call "a classic of lesbian erotica." The Dress/The Sharda Stories, by Jess Wells; tales of first femme drag, a morning sex strategist, a phantom of lust who doesn't take no. $7.95 plus $1 postage from Library B Books, 584 Castro, #224-L, San Francisco, CA 94114.

### WOMAN TO WOMAN DOMINATION

By Mistress Dominique, Chicago's premier dominatrix. My 25-minute audio cassette tape will teach, train and make you experience all the feelings of domination. $10.00 ppd. Over 21 statement required. P.O. Box 8227 Chicago, IL 60680.

### LESBIANS OVER SIXTY

Other Lesbians want to know. For an anthology we are collecting accounts of love between women over sixty, by women over sixty, for their unique perspective on our loving lives. We are interested in reading your material. Send your poems, short prose pieces, letters, diary entries, songs, photos and drawings. Photocopies, please. Include SASE. Deadline extended to Crones Day - Halloween 1988. Send material to OLD LOVERS c/o WomanSpirit, 2000 King Mountain Trail, Sunny Valley, OR 97497.

### HOROSCOPE - RELATIONSHIP COMPOSITE

GREAT anniversary, birthday, or friendship gift. 11 to 13 pages of interpretations linking both charts and detailing the relationship itself. 2 birthdates, time and place. Send $15.00 to SCOPES, P.O. Box 5, Peabody, MA, 01960 (Payable to B. Henry). PROMPT REPLY.

### SEXUAL MAGIC

The S/M Photographs , by Michael Rosen. A new book of fine art photographs of sizzling REAL, straight, lesbian and gay, sadomasochistic sex with revealing text by the participants. "The single best work on S&M I have seen."—Growing Pains. $23 postpaid. Shaynew Press, Dept. O., POB 11719, SF, CA 94101.

### PHOTOGRAPHERS, WHERE ARE YOU?

On Our Backs needs erotic photographs! We're searching for the right images - we need you to send us all those pictures you've been taking in your hometown - your local lesbians will love to see their friends and lovers on the pages of this magazine. We pay for published photos, so instead of enjoying someone else's hard work, get snapping. We cannot guarantee we'll use your shots, but give us a try, and we'll do the same for you. If your models are identifiable, we will need releases before we can publish them. We can supply these if needed.

## PUBLICATIONS

### THE WISHING WELL

Lesbians write/meet through The Wishing Well, established 1974. Non-computerized, personal, warm, supportive, confidential, prompt. Code numbers used throughout. $5 intro copy (discreet, 1st class). NEW: "Well Talk Tapes". Inquire: PO Box G, Santee, CA 92071-0167.

### JUST US

A dating magazine exclusively for women wanting to meet women. $10 (refunded) for details and sample copy to JU, POB 49285-LX, Atlanta, GA, 30359.

### OUTRAGEOUS WOMEN

A journal of woman-to-woman s/m. Fantasy, analysis, erotic art and much more. Diverse national s/m quarterly by and for women. $11/yr. Single issues $3. Must state you are over 18. SASE for info: PO Box 23, Somerville, MA 02143.

### GAY CHICAGO

Find out what's going on in gay Chicago. Sample copy of Gay Chicago Magazine $2. Subscriptions $60/yr $36/6 mo. 3121 N Broadway, Chicago, IL 60657.

### AMONG FRIENDS

The only gay/lesbian newsmagazine for Wisconsin and surrounding area. Sample copy $2. Free personal ads! PO Box 426, Madison, WI 53701.

## PERSONALS

### SERVITUDE IN LUXURY

Attractive, young, shapely, and white-hot top Mistress seeks bi-submissive young bottom for wickedly hot, intense sexual relationship. Leather, B&D, and S&M invoked as necessary to insure devotion, Worthy slave will participate in very high standard of living, with all needs provided—possible live-in to worthy suitable. Discipline requirements may include enforced menage-a-trois participation with my panty-trained submissive husband. All sincere answered who respond with detailed frank letter, photo and SASE. Write today; a lifestyle of luxury and pleasure awaits my suitable pussycat! Box 348.

### NAUGHTY IN LOS ANGELES

I'm 42, 5'11', Caucasion, 230 lbs (should weigh 150) (I'm descended from a tall family: father 6'6", 2 brothers 6'8"). I desperately need a disciplinarian to force me to behave. I'm very responsive to proper guidance and tall, muscular women. Box 370.

### DADDY'S GIRL WITH NO DADDY

Hot femme submissive needs a lot of attention. A top who is strong minded and ready to discipline. Send letter and a photo. Box 377.

### TRUE BI WANTS LOVER

Married bisexual, live in Florida, husband travels. Need feminine bi-gay girl, 18-26, to live-in as my companion, lover, mistress. I'm 34, classy, 5'8", 121 lbs, shaved smooth, well-to-do. Respond with full details, desires, photos. I'm for real, want long term relationship. Box 396.

### CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Hot 27, 5' femme looking for a lot of attention. Wish to establish a very special relationship. Seeking playful and horny. Bi's welcome. Reply to: Cindy, P.O. Box 2514, Northbrook, IL, 60065.

### TOP IN TRAINING

Femme in appearance but NOT in attitude seeks same to bottom to. Experienced TOP who's willing to train and fits the above description may win me into submission. I like struggling in restainst, wrestling and working up a sweat during some good hard fucking.

Toys and passion are hot. No oral sex. I'm mid 20's, 110 lbs, blonde, blue eyes, and HIV neg. HIV neg and clean and sober need only reply. S.F. area. Box 421.

UTAH SKI ME

Beautiful and Bi; Bold and shy; bitchy and sly; girl and her guy. Seeking visiting bottom or top for sandwich; white, wheat or rye. Thin sliced. Photo please for a reply. Box 435.

SEEKING VERY SUBMISSIVE FEMME

Permanent position for a very submissive femme. Will relocate in northwestern Pennsylvania. Servitude to a very beautiful, young and rewarding mistress. You must be ready and willing to make a loving/committed relationship. You must love nature, the country, beach and sun. Welcome to the world of leather, lace, rainbows and unicorns. Show a willingness to please by sending a long letter of intent, likes/dislikes and photos. Box 442.

DOMINANT BLACK WOMAN

I like traveling, music, hiking, reading and control. Seek female submissive or slave into spanking, B/D, S/M, French/Greek, toys, foot worship and body service. Box 443.

SACRAMENTO

GWF, 31, would like to hear from other women in the area who are interested in S/M and all it has to offer. Am conservative in dress and manner, but one should not judge a book by its cover. My imagination is boundless. Box 444.

CLASSIC REDHEAD

Pretty 24-year old lesbian, interested in meeting attractive, feminine lesbian/bi Libertarians. Interests include discussing/debating unpopular politics, old movies at the Castro, and clothes (vintage and other). Though I've been out for six years, I haven't had much experience with women and am interested in both "vanilla" and "fantasy" sex. Race, age unimportant. Box 445.

SAN FRANCISCO AREA

Dominant-yet-warm bisexual, 30, seeks worshipful submissive for B/D, cuddling, safe-sex relationship. SASE to Karen, Box 7561, San Jose, CA 95150.

P-TOWN DESIRES

Tall, athletic, solid, androgynous butch, strong yet tender, seeks others for wicked, delicitous, unquenchable adventures. Combine sightseeing with hot sexy fun. Write and describe your vacation ideas. No heavy drugs or alcohol. Box 448.

MALE SLAVE AVAILABLE

I travel a lot on business and want to offer my male slave to any interested women in Southern California, while I'm out of town. He is 31, clean, disease-free, knows his place, will serve however required, and is especially talented in worshipping feet. Write me at: P.O. Box 711266, Los Angeles, CA 90071.

TALLAHASSE, FLORIDA

Age 48, Caucasian female, long brown hair, blue eyes, very attractive, 5'5", 135 lbs. Very sensual, sensitive, caring, successful executive. Would meet women in my age group, but prefer younger and experienced. Can entertain or travel. Box 451.

VIOLENT FEMME

Searching for that dangerous butch top - to love, honor and obey. Although I yearn for fantasy and romance - also desire real life communication and sharing. Other interests: rock'n'roll, movies, books, dancing. P.O. Box 3573, New York, NY, 10185.

APPLICATIONS EXPECTED

If you knew her, you'd want to know her more. My friend is wonderful, flexible - loves cats. She says her new friends should be lively. This is a friendly challenge. Send your qualifications - all answered. Excellent letters rewarded. Box 453.

DETROIT METRO GROUP

I'm forming a social-support group for lesbian and bisexual women interested in s/m (either as fantasy or reality). Veronica, P.O. Box 833, Royal Oak, MI 48068.

ENEMAS WANTED

M-F TV seeks dominant lesbian mistress who wants to make gay TV enema patient/slave pay. Seek spankings and enemas and will provide anything you want. Trained by lesbian ex-lover to be female. Honest ad by honest person seeking transgenderization. Box 364.

SHY BUT CURIOUS LESBIAN

Wishes to fill her photo album with ladies like herself - please send photos of you and/or your friends. I'll send you mine. Let's turn each other on! Box 454.

HOT IN HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Attractive blonde femme seeking attractive, sexy, slender woman to share my strong sexual desires and possible relationship. Send photo. Box 456.

*ON OUR BACKS* PERSONAL

*On our Backs* is preparing a feature article on the personals - who places ads? Who answers them? Do these women really get together? If you have placed or responded to an ad in our magazine, we'd like you to take a few minutes out from your wild sex life and fill out a questionnaire - most questions require very simple answers, and there are a few "essay" questions. If you complete the longer, essay questions, you will receive a *free*, one-issue personal ad in *On Our Backs*. And of course, all replies will be kept strictly confidential. Just send a SASE to Personals Questionnaire, *On Our Backs*, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA, 94114, and please specify if you have *placed* an an or *answered* ad, or both.

**HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD**

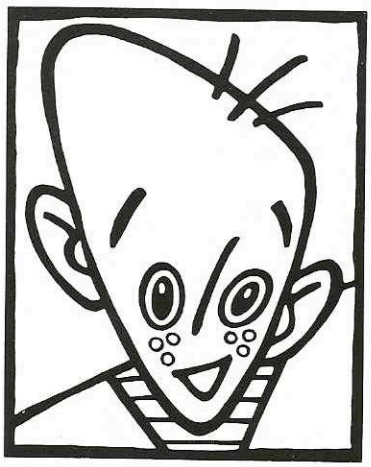
1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:
   - your return address at the top left corner,
   - her box number in the lower left corner, and
   - a first class stamp at the top right corner.

   If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)
2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

   *On Our Backs* Personals • 526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114

# FASHION FOR WOMEN

FUN
CLOTHING
AND
ACCESSORIES



ROLO

AT
535 CASTRO
(415) 431-4545
AND
1301 HOWARD
(415) 861-1999

SAN FRANCISCO

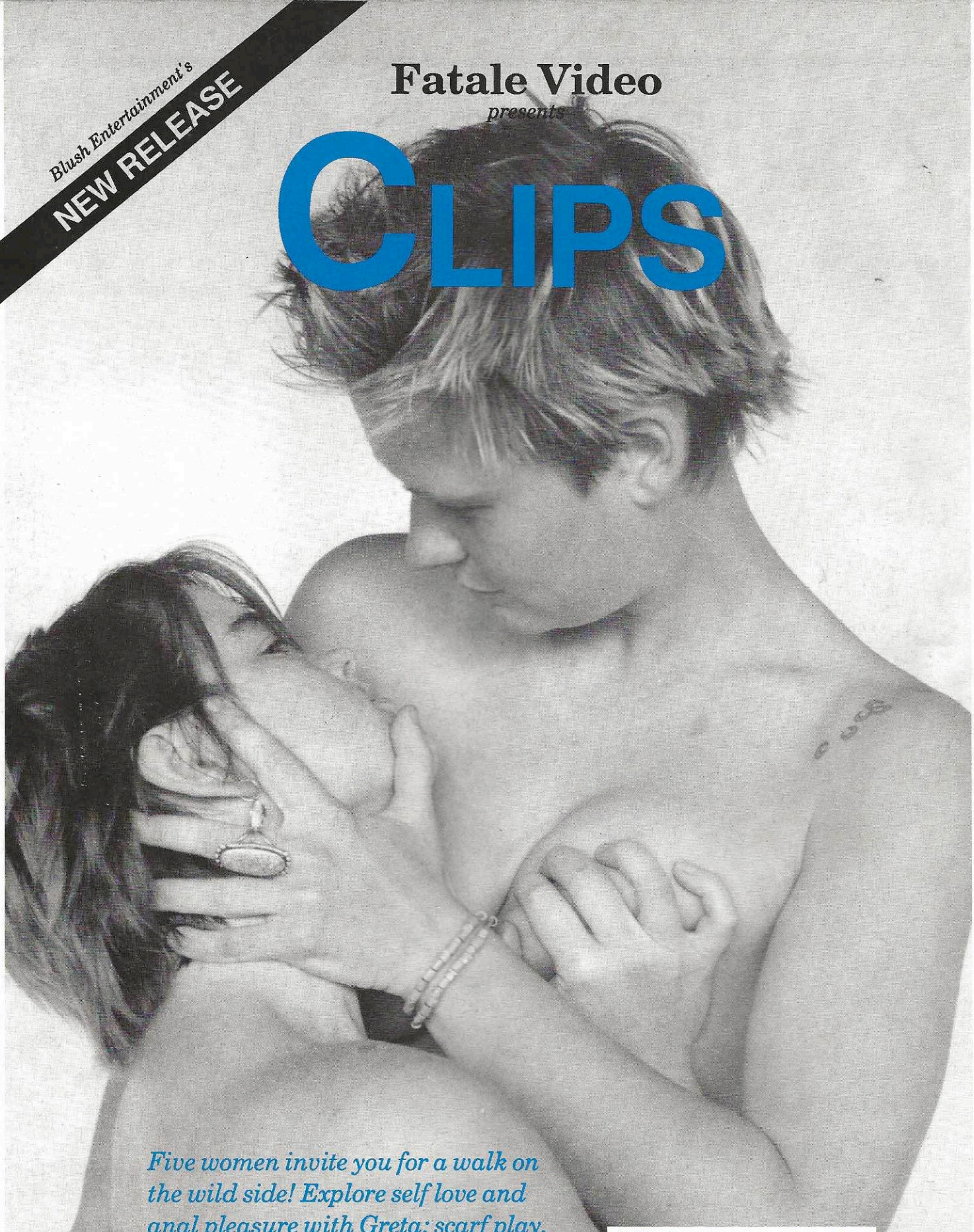
Blush Entertainment's

NEW RELEASE

# Fatale Video

*presents*

# CLIPS



*Five women invite you for a walk on the wild side! Explore self love and anal pleasure with Greta; scarf play, oral and safe sex with Coca Jo and Houlihan; female ejaculation and ribadism with Fanny and Kenni. Clips is a video you will not forget!*

FATALE

By and For Women

Video

30 min Color Rated X